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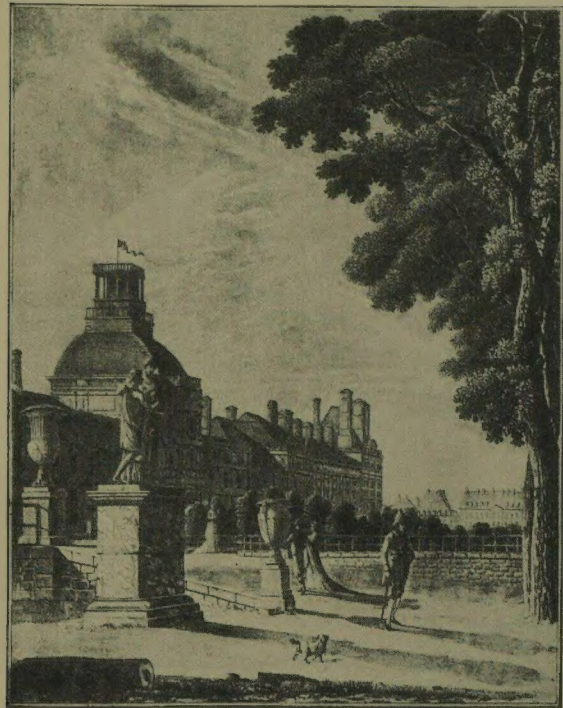
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IN 1840: THE RUE DE RIVOLI, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND FASHIONABLE STREETS OF PARIS.

comparable genius, threw such a glamour about the English Christmas, and my own memories of Christmas at home are so sentimental, that I could not, during the first years of my residence in France, enjoy the French Christmas. But afterwards, in Paris, on the Riviera, and in my little Normandy village, I passed the most delightful Christmas days; and now I begin to wonder whether Christmas on the Continent is



UNDER THE CONSULATE: THE TUILERIES.

That famous Imperial Palace, the Tuileries, was begun by Catherine de' Medici in 1564, and was completed under Louis XIV. Much damage was done to it by the mob in 1792, 1830, 1848, and 1871; indeed, in the last-named year it was burned.

not at least as enjoyable as Christmas in Great Britain—possibly more so.

Apparently a growing number of British visitors share my doubt. Since the war the Réveillon has become one of the principal fêtes of the year. It would not be going too far to describe it as the most important. The Jour de l'An used to overshadow Noël; now Noël overshadows the Jour de l'An. At Christmas the French give themselves up so completely to merriment that they are too exhausted to begin again at the New Year, and on New Year's Day they content themselves with the traditional round of formal calls. The change in French manners may best be illustrated by reference to the school holiday. Formerly the schoolboy was granted one day's leave of absence—on Christmas Day itself. On the morrow he had to return unwillingly to school. But at New Year he was given the best part of a week's holiday by way of compensation. Now the custom has been reversed. Holidays begin on Christmas Eve and they extend to January 2. Here is a small but significant mark of the transformation of the French regard for the two days.

Doubtless it has partly been brought about by the steady increase in the number of Britishers in France. That increase, too, requires some explanation. It is easy to understand why the British love of things French in general has augmented, and why the British invasion, especially in the summer months, has mounted higher and higher. The war is, of course, responsible for this as for many other social phenomena. But such an explanation does not at first sight account for the influx of British men and women at Christmastide. Surely they should stay at home for the great home festival? The fact is that they stay at home less and less at Christmas. Something, therefore, has altered on the English side of the Channel.

It has. For better or for worse, the purely family character of Christmas has declined. I do not mean that Christmas is not observed in the old-fashioned way in hundreds of thousands of British homes. I mean that it is also observed in a relatively new fashion outside British homes. There is a more

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS: NOËL NOW ECLIPSES NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON, Author of "Bohemian, Literary, and Social Life in Paris."

gregarious life. A larger population of men and women, more or less detached from domesticity, frequent public places—the theatres, the hotels, the restaurants. It might be worth while to analyse this social change; but for my present purpose it is sufficient to state a fact which will be readily acknowledged by everybody who has any acquaintance with the great cities.

It is inevitable that some portion of this population should find its way abroad at Christmastide. And, granted their freedom from family ties, they are right to sample Christmas in other lands. I am, indeed, tempted to say that the summer visitor to Paris does not know Paris as it veritably is. He knows a Paris that has to some extent been abandoned by the Parisian. He comes, as it were, into a city that has been rented to him for the season. It is the foreigner's Paris that he enjoys. The Parisian's Paris is the Paris of the winter months, when the multitudinous amusements of the capital are in full blast.

The entertainments reach their culminating point. The new plays, the new revues, the new cabaret shows, have been tried out. Some of them have been found wanting, and have been replaced by better and brighter spectacles. Those that have succeeded in pleasing the fickle and unpredictable taste of the public have worked themselves into their best shape. The fun is fast and furious. The whole gamut, from the classical drama to the lightest of musical comedy, is heard. The concert-halls put forward their finest programmes. As for the shops, they make their most dazzling display. Now is the time to look at artistic editions of books and beautiful bindings. Now is the time to see the dresses, both at the dressmakers' establishments and in society functions. Now is the time when the jewellers invent fascinating new settings, and the mighty host of dealers in *articles de Paris*—a term which includes almost everything suitable for presents, such as *maroquinerie*, embroidered handbags, dainty handkerchiefs, perfumes in exquisite flacons—show their most ravishing wares. Now is the time for *grands diners* and *petits soupers*. Now is the time, in short, when Paris is really herself—her gay, brilliant, coquettish self.

Nor are the children overlooked. They are taken from store to store, which vie with each other in their exhibition of gorgeous and ingenious toys. Their façades are illuminated in all the colours of the rainbow, and behind the polished windows are amazing animated tableaux. Yes, the children have their treat too, though perhaps it is even more enjoyed by the grown-ups than by the children. They will place their shoes in the chimney, and, awakening



FASHIONABLE—AND UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE: THE COURT OF THE HOTEL PRINCE DE GALLES, PARIS.

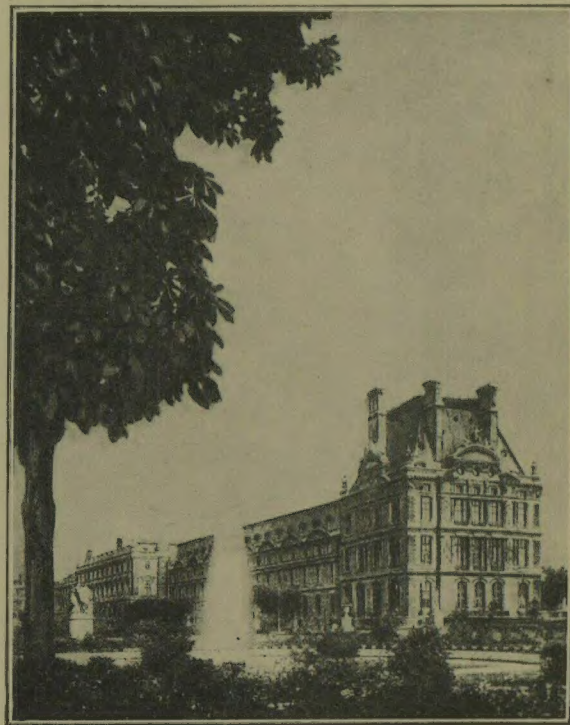


IN 1855: THE RUE DE RIVOLI, SHOWING THE HOTEL MEURICE AS IT APPEARED AT THAT PERIOD.

on Christmas morn, will discover the

bounty of the Père Noël. Yet they are put to bed on Christmas Eve; while their elders go in search of pleasure. Christmas Eve in Paris is a festival for adults. The theatres are crowded, and so are the churches for midnight Mass. After midnight it is the restaurants which are crowded. The Gargantuan feast begins between twelve and one o'clock. Oysters, on their icy beds, are, of course, *de rigueur*. So is the *boudin*—the black pudding—which is elevated to the rank of festive food. Then comes the turkey with its truffles, its chestnuts, and its stuffing. The *pâté de foie gras* cannot, whatever be the state of your own liver, be omitted. The *champagne frappé* is the only drink.

What is most characteristic, in the most humble and the most sumptuous restaurants, is the gaiety and good humour that prevail. Everybody is in



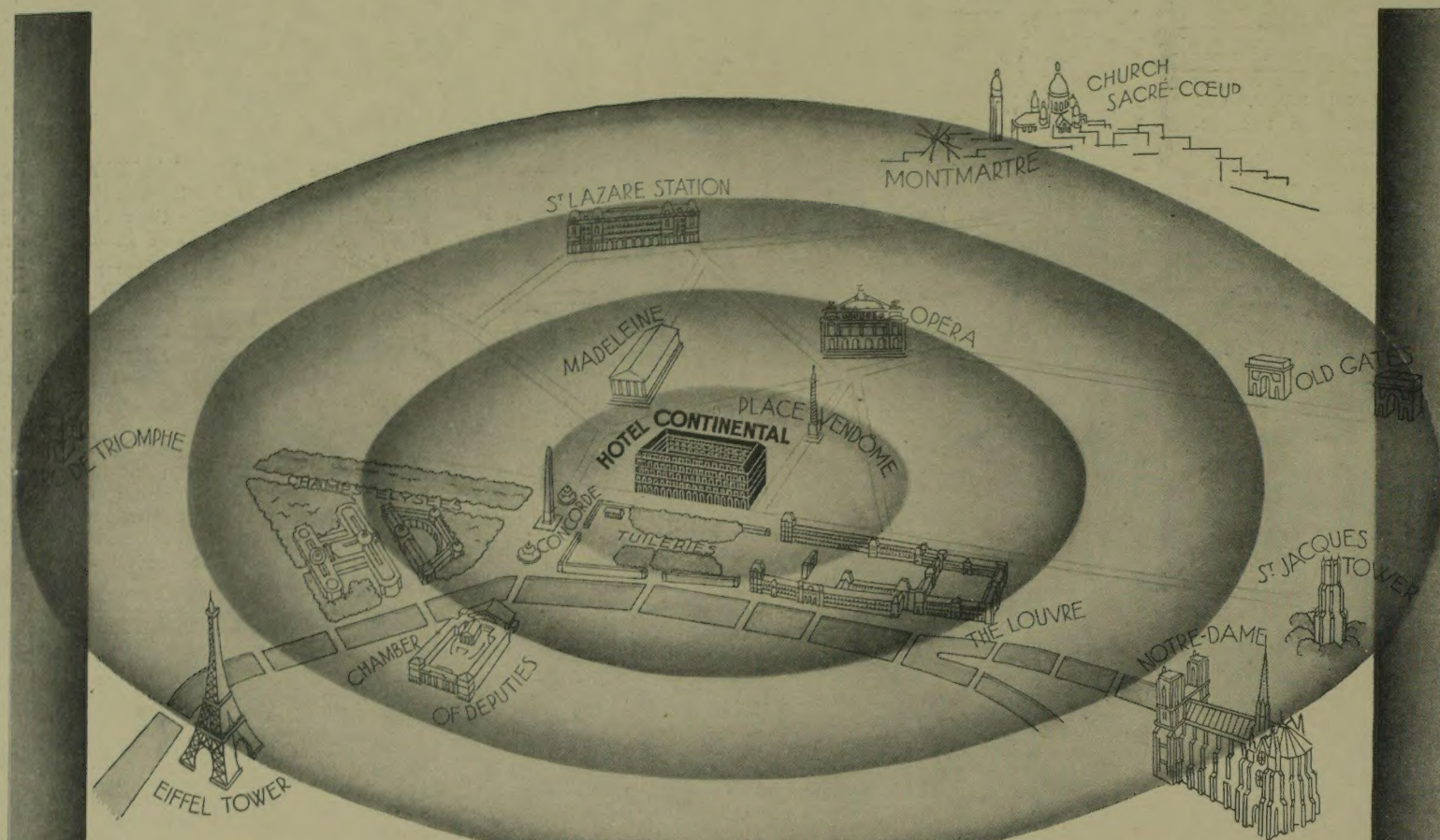
AS IT IS AT PRESENT: THE TUILERIES.

In 1883 the Tuileries Palace was removed, save for two wings linking it with the Louvre. The garden extends over some seventy-five acres, and it need hardly be added that it is one of the deservedly recognised "sights" of modern Paris.

high spirits. Everybody knows everybody else. Everybody laughs in company and toasts everybody else. Everybody, however grave in daily life, however dignified in his ordinary station, dons a paper cap, and is not afraid of being ridiculous. Perhaps there is nothing which more distinguishes the traditional Englishman from the average Frenchman than the former's fear of ridicule and the latter's absence of fear of ridicule. It is when one is afraid of being ridiculous that one becomes ridiculous. When one has no fear of being ridiculous, one is never ridiculous.

So, as the night wears on, rouged feminine lips blow into funny little trumpets, and bejewelled feminine hands launch scores of woollen balls, which are smartly returned by more dexterous masculine hands. Paper streamers catch the tables in a coloured network. There is music, there is dancing. And the dawn of Christmas Day comes up too soon.

It is all very amusing, and probably unobtainable elsewhere. But such diversions are apt to lead to an anti-climax unless one takes proper precautions. I am inclined to think that the proper precaution is to take one of those luxurious trains which whisk the reveller to the Riviera. After the Réveillon, the Riviera, and sunny days by the blue Mediterranean. Days are, of course, not always sunny even in the Midi, and the Mediterranean is not always blue; but the sunniness and blueness are sufficiently certain to make the prospect of wintering on the Riviera delightful. I remember such a holiday a few years ago, when, just after Christmas, my host came to greet me in white flannel trousers and straw hat. I want to see those white flannel trousers and that straw hat again!



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The Right Atmosphere. Nowhere else in the world can you become steeped in the atmosphere of a city quite so rapidly as in Paris. Therein lies, for most people, the secret of her charm. The fashionable, pleasure-loving boulevards are intermingled at every turn with the historical haunts of tourists, and arrive, quite suddenly, at the more Bohemian quarters. It is this complete absence of definite barriers which gives to the whole city that unique atmosphere of "intimité." If you make your headquarters a well-chosen spot in the centre of Paris, you can accomplish far more in a week than would be possible in London.

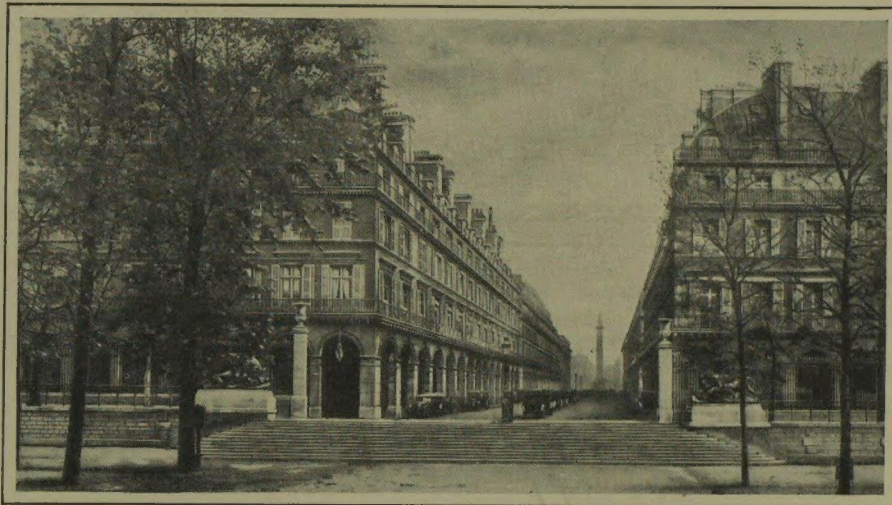
A hotel which cannot be bettered for this purpose is the Continental, which stands at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione, once a spot of great historical interest. The windows of the hotel overlook the royal Tuileries Gardens, to the left bank of the river beyond, which is dominated by some of the oldest monuments in Paris. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Tuileries Gardens and the Place Vendôme (then Louis le Grand) were already in existence, but the present Rue de Castiglione was only a passage between the convents of the Feuillants and of the Capuchin friars, whose frugal refectory occupied precisely the present situation of the main courtyard of the hotel. The photograph at the top shows the metamorphosis of this austere eating-place of monks into a gay rendezvous of fashionable society, where the modern pleasures of cocktails and "le five-o'clock" are happily indulged. In 1875, the peaceful old quarter of monks and aristocratic families was chosen as the site for this enormous quadrilateral building, bordering the Rue de Rivoli, the famous street of galleries made by Napoleon, and now the happy hunting-ground of *magasins de luxe* and fashionable jewellers.



A SALON IN THE MODERN STYLE: THE LATEST IDEAS IN LIGHTING AND FURNISHING ARE INTRODUCED IN THIS ROOM, WHICH RIVALS THE MAGNIFICENT PERIOD SALONS IN ATTRACTION.

Awaking in Paris. There is no more pleasant spot in which to wake on one's first morning in Paris. From the principal façade of the hotel, facing south, there is, first of

on the other side of the Seine, are the monuments which tell the history of this fascinating city: the Gothic Notre Dame behind the long line of the Louvre; the Pantheon, dominating the hill of Sainte Geneviève; the two squat steeples of Saint Sulpice; the gilded dome of Les Invalides; the impressive Chambre des Deputés; and, finally, the familiar landmark of the Eiffel Tower. Nearer at hand, a few moments from the doors of the hotel, lie the Rue de la Paix, the chief boulevards, and the Place de l'Opéra, which may be termed the very heart of Paris. No time is ever lost travelling to and fro in the over-



IN THE HEART OF PARIS: THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE CASTIGLIONE AND THE RUE DE RIVOLI, WITH THE PLACE VENDÔME IN THE DISTANCE.

crowded Métro, or on the strangely uncomfortable trains which serve the city.

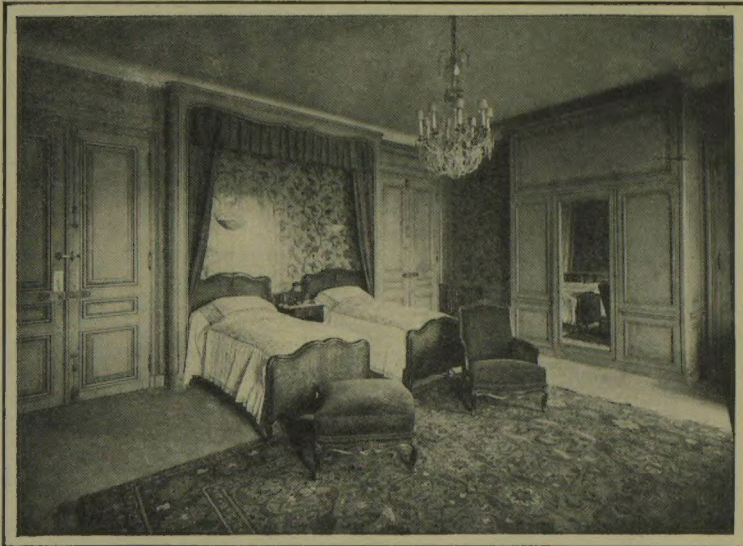
Modern Equipment.

In spite of such old associations, the most up-to-date luxuries in the way of furnishing, cuisine, and the thousand-and-one details which make a hotel a home from home, distinguish the Continental. Blondel, the famous architect who built it originally, had large ideas on space, and this has allowed for the most recent conceptions of hotel comfort to be installed. It is a miniature town on its own, where a solution is found to every query. The reading-room, illustrated on this page, is furnished in Louis XIV. style, with all the splendour of that period. Beyond that is a Moorish salon and drawing-rooms in modern styles. On the other side of the hotel lie four banqueting

HEADQUARTERS FOR A BRIEF PARIS VISIT.

all, the view of the Rue de Rivoli, unequalled anywhere in the world, where a stream of interesting humanity flows on to the Place de la Concorde, a few hundred yards to the right, continuing up the wide Champs Elysées, that culminates with a view of the Arc de Triomphe. Then behind the gilded railings of the Tuileries lie the enchanting ancient royal gardens, immediately facing the hotel. In the distance,

rooms and the magnificent Stairway of the Sovereigns, so called because the royalty who stayed there could enter by an adjacent door and proceed to

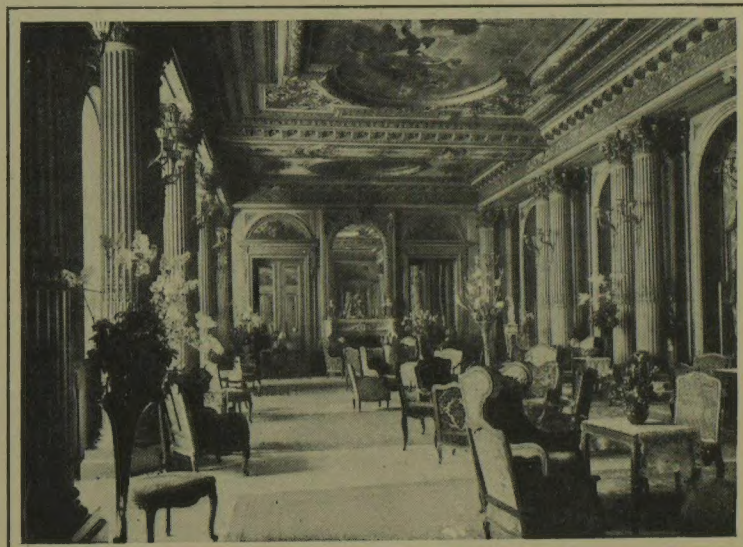


A PERIOD BED-ROOM IN ONE OF THE FAMOUS SUITES: IT IS THE WORK OF AN EXPERT AND PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL.

their apartments unnoticed. The Empress Eugénie, whose portrait by Winterhalter is now at la Malmaison, made this her home for several years. There is a wonderful Louis XIV. suite and several Directoire rooms, as well as many furnished in the most attractive styles of *l'art nouveau*.

The cuisine is justly celebrated, and special American and English dishes are obtainable by all who desire them. English is spoken by the waiters, and nearly all the well-trained *personnel* of the hotel. There is a large restaurant *à la carte*, decorated in purest François II. style, with wainscoting of ebony inlaid with copper, and table d'hôte meals are obtainable in the Henri III. room, which has some beautiful Gobelin tapestries. There is also a vast tea-room, with a fine sunk panel ceiling. These rooms look out on the Rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries, pleasantly screened by the subdued light of the arcades.

Experienced travellers on both sides of the Atlantic expect to find in a first-class hotel nowadays a complete modern installation in every sphere. This the Continental gives, combined with the charm of old historical associations, and offering from her balconies a prospect which never palls, views that delight your eyes, and remind you every moment that you are in the very heart of Paris.



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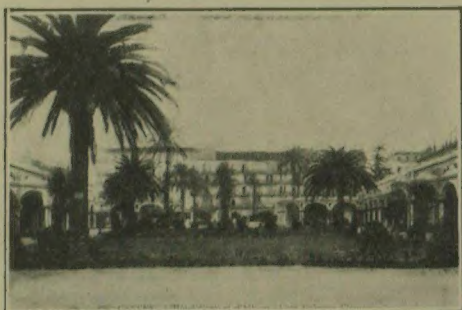
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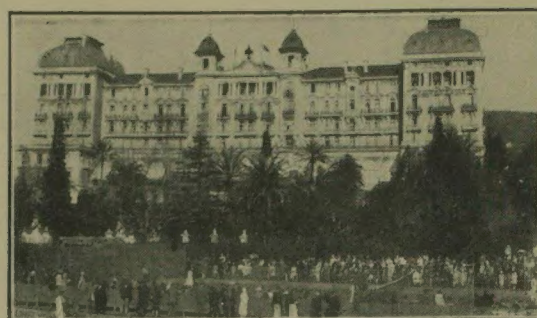


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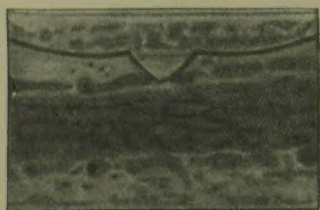
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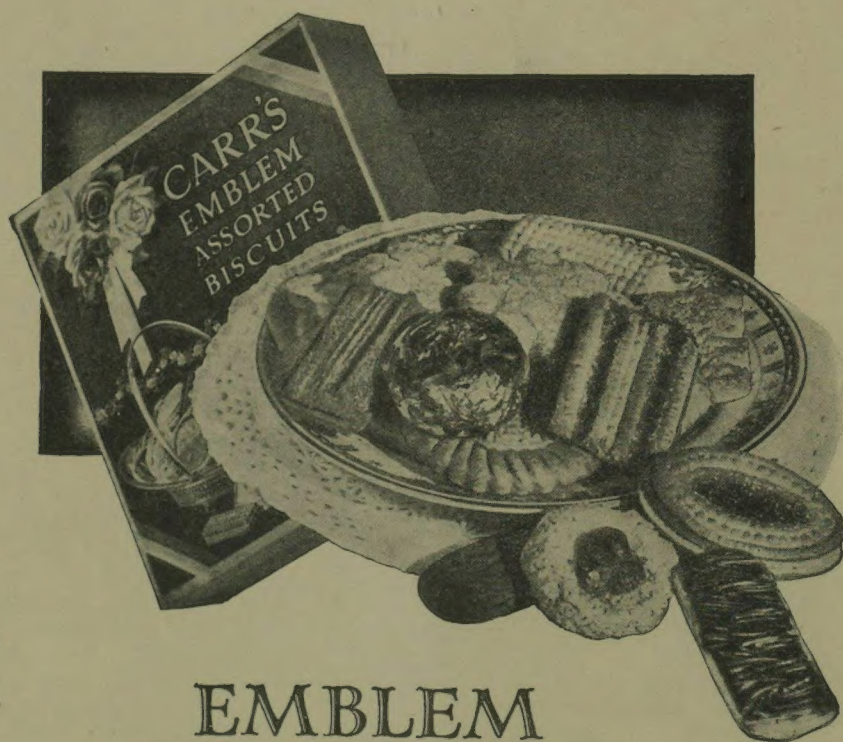


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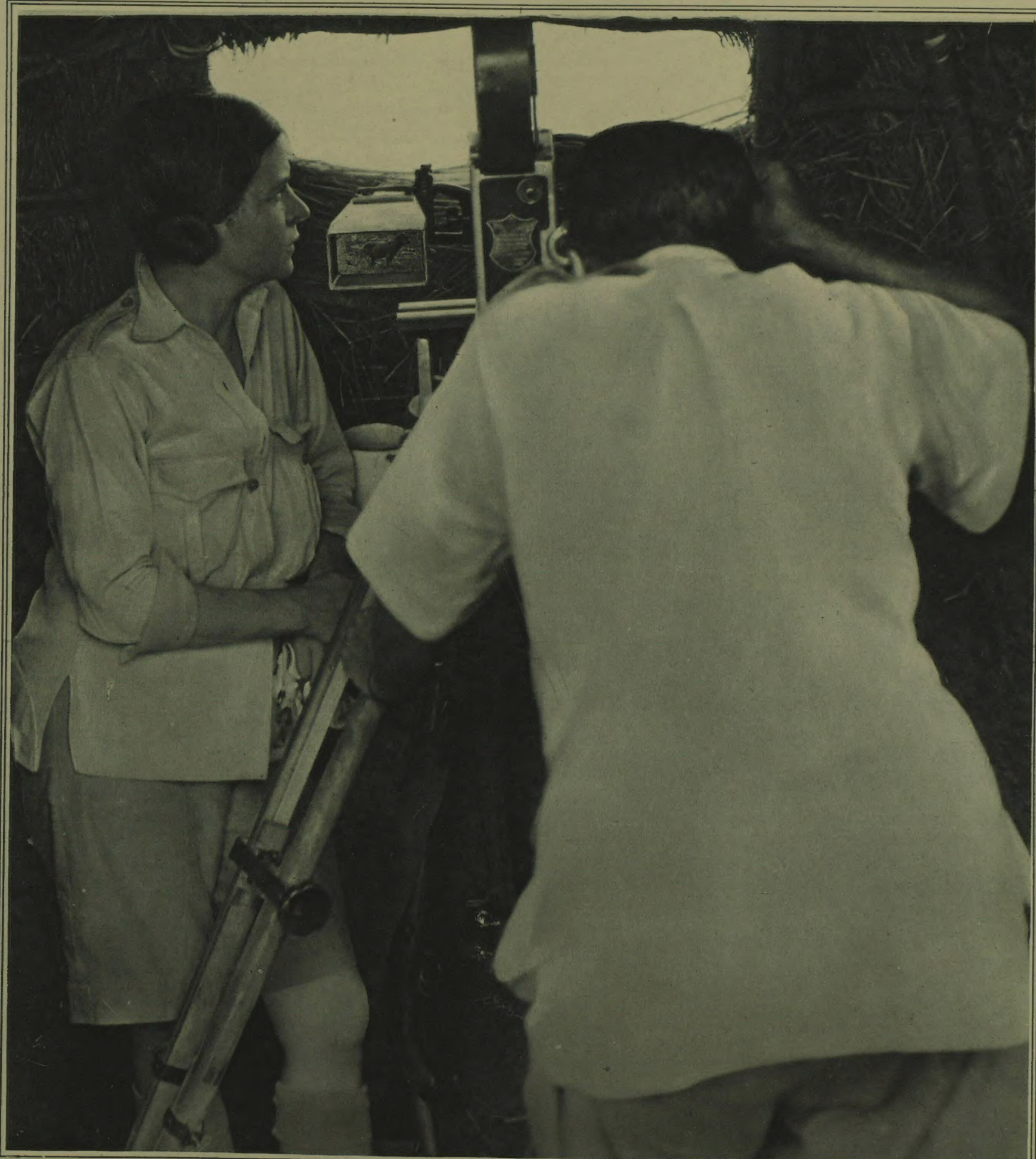
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1929.

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FILMING A WILD LION FROM A "HIDE": MAJOR AND MRS. COURT-TREATH AT WORK ON "STAMPEDE"—
A THRILLING MOMENT INSIDE THE SHELTER, SHOWING THE IMAGE OF THE LION IN THE VIEW-FINDER.

In this number we are devoting five pages to a remarkably interesting series of photographs, taken in the Western Sudan, during the expedition of Major and Mrs. Court-Treath, and Mr. Errol Hinds, for the making of their wonderful new picture, "Stampede," for British Instructional Films, which is to be shown in the near future. It will have synchronisation of music and sound-effects. Here

Major Court-Treath is seen operating the camera. He and his wife are shown within their "hide," specially constructed in the form of a giant ant-hill, of which further details and illustrations appear on pages 970 and 971. The occasion illustrated above was one of the most thrilling moments, when the unsuspecting "sitter," close outside, was a lion. His image is visible in the view-finder.

AFRICAN GAME PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A MAN-MADE "ANT-HILL": LION, BABOON, & HARTEBEESTE INCIDENTS FROM "STAMPEDE."



BUILT IN THE FORM OF A GIANT WHITE-ANT-HILL: THE "HIDE" FROM WHICH MANY OF THE ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE FILM "STAMPEDE" WERE TAKEN—SHOWING MRS. COURT-TREATT AT THE WINDOW BESIDE THE CAMERA.



ONE OF THE GAME PICTURES TAKEN IN A LOCALITY HARTEBEESTE DRINKING AT A WATER-HOLE

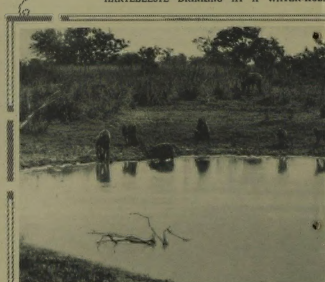


PROBABLY NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY WHITE MEN: PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE "HIDE."

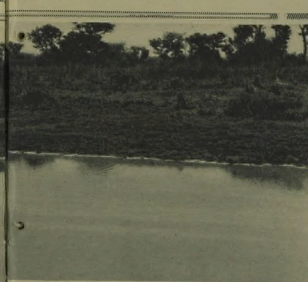
FITTING UP THE ANT-HILL-SHAPED "HIDE" FROM WHICH MANY ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS WERE OBTAINED: MRS. COURT-TREATT AND HER BROTHER, MR. EDGOL KINES, AT THE ENTRANCE.



MAKING "LITTLE RIVER": NATIVE LABORERS AT WORK DIGGING A CHANNEL TO FORM A SMALL STREAM (REQUISITE FOR THE FILM, AS THERE WAS NO NATURAL ONE AVAILABLE IN THE DESIRED LOCALITY.



"THE OLD DOG BABOONS DRANK BY THEMSELVES: FAMILIES, THE BABIES RIDING LIKE JOCKEYS ON GAMBOLED AROUND": BABOONS AND HARTEBEESTE AT



WHILE THE FEMALES CAME DOWN WITH THEIR MOTHERS' BACKS WHILE THE OLDER CHILDREN THE WATER-HOLE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE "HIDE."



"WE DUG THIS RIVER AND PLANTED IT WITH REEDS, AS WE COULD NOT FIND A REAL ONE IN THE RIGHT LOCALITY": "LITTLE RIVER" COMPLETED, AND FILLED WITH SWAMP WATER DRAINED INTO THE ARTIFICIAL CHANNEL.



PHOTOGRAPHING A LION IN ITS NATIVE WILD BY MEANS OF AN AUTOMATIC CINÉ-CAMERA CONCEALED IN A MOUND OF MUD (IN CENTRE), AND OPERATED BY MEANS AND THE "HIDE" ARE CUT AWAY DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO REVEAL INTERIORS; SHOWING ALSO THE STRUCTURE OF THE "HIDE," WITH MUD AND GRASS ROOF OVER



OF A DISTANT-RELEASE WIRE MANIPULATED FROM WITHIN A "HIDE" (ON RIGHT) SOME DISTANCE AWAY: A DRAWING WHEREIN THE SIDES OF THE MUD-MOUND WHICH THE GAME APPROACHED WITHOUT SUSPICION.

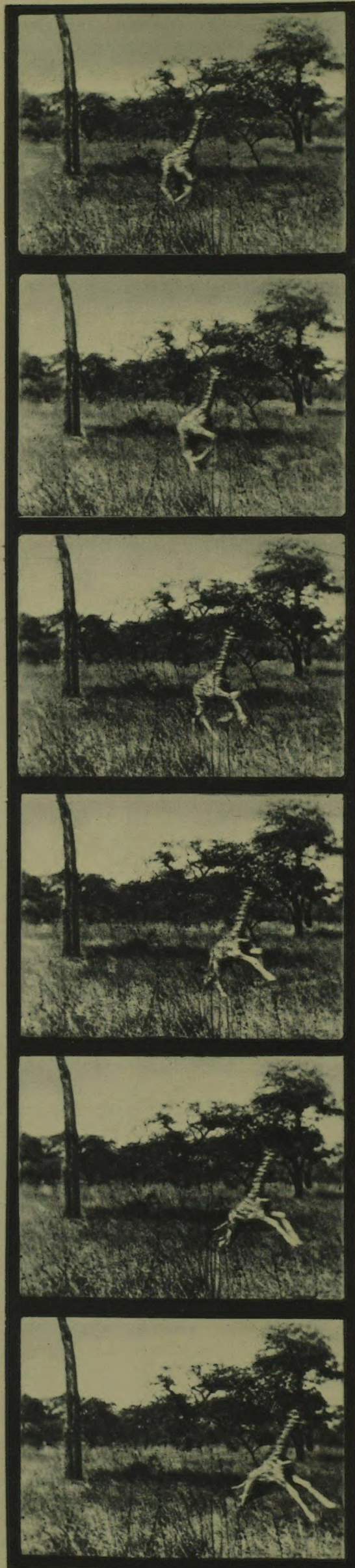
"Stampede," the new film picture of life in the south-west Sudan, made by the Court-Treatt Expedition and expected shortly in London, is not specifically a big-game film, but wild animals figure in it throughout, as forming an integral part in the life of the natives. It took twelve months to make, and it contains many thrilling incidents, all founded on fact. "For photographing animals," writes Major Court-Treatt, "various 'hides' were used—platforms in trees, hollowed-out bushes, and so on; but the best was that shown in the illustrations. It was constructed as follows: A hole big enough to contain three people was dug in the ground about four feet deep within about 100 feet of a suitable water-hole, and was roofed with poles and grass like a native hut. This grass roof was then covered with mud taken from the water-hole, and the 'hide' was carefully modelled exactly to resemble an ant-hill. Grass and small bushes were planted in while the mud was still wet, so as to make it completely realistic. Four small windows were then cut in the walls for the lenses of the cameras. On one side of the 'hide' steps were cut, and, when we and the cameras were inside, a bundle of grass was pulled over the

hole to camouflage the entrance. These 'hides' were found to be cool and comfortable, and did not seem to allow any human scent to escape. The game appeared to be entirely unsuspicious of them, and quite shy animals would approach. Once, just before dawn, buffalo came so close to the 'hide' that we could hear them cropping the grass. On another occasion, before the mud on one of these 'hides' was hard and set, some animal tried to browse off the grass planted in the top, broke through the roof, and fell into the hole. We used to go to the 'hides' before dawn and stay until after sunset. Sometimes we slept in the 'hides.' We could work one or two cameras inside the 'hides' for long shots with telephoto lenses, but in addition we had another cine-camera in front of the 'hide.' This camera could be operated by a distant-release, and could be completely covered with mud or grass, leaving only a very small hole for the lens. These distant-release cameras are invaluable for photographing dangerous game, as animals can be allowed to come right up to them, and even take a bait placed on top of the mound of mud in which the camera is hidden."

THE GALLOP OF THE GIRAFFE :

Remarkable "Action" Photographs.

One of the most interesting features of the picture, "Stampede," made by the Court-Treatt expedition in the Western Sudan for British Instructional Films, and shortly to be released for production, is an incident that shows the riding-down of a young giraffe, for the purposes of the story of native life with which the animal photographs are connected. Subsequently, this giraffe was presented to the Khartum "Zoo."



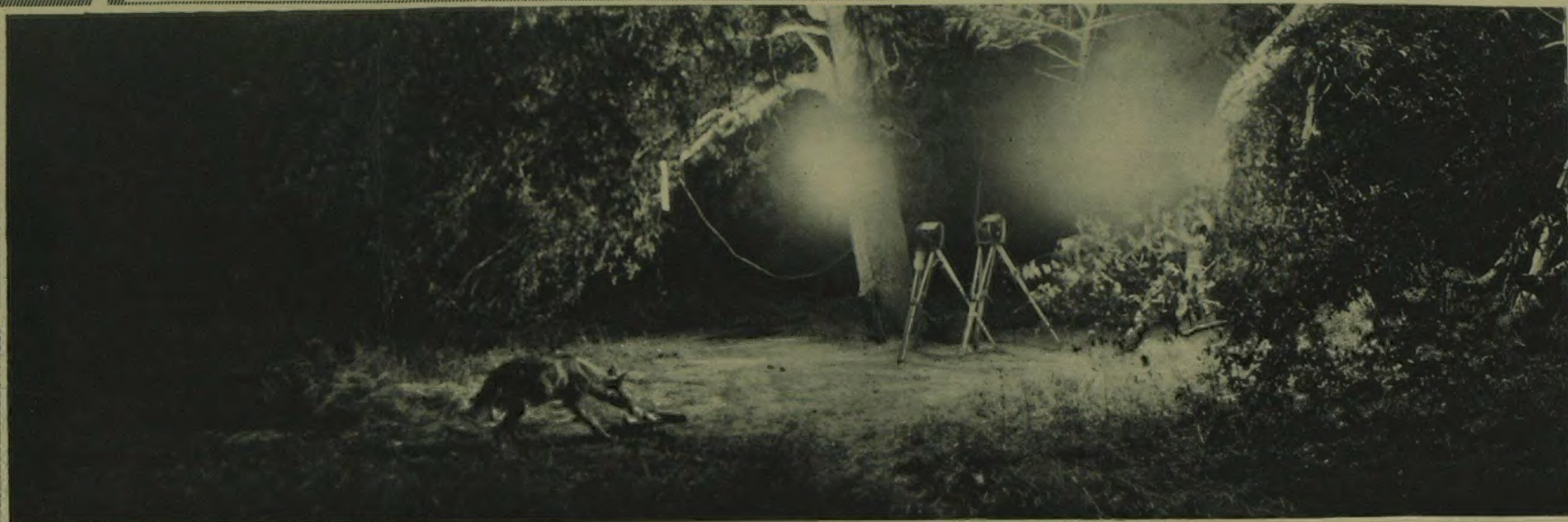
THE PECULIAR LUMBERING GAIT OF THE GIRAFFE : A WONDERFUL SERIES OF "ACTION" PHOTOGRAPHS CAUGHT BY THE CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA.

These photographs are of unusual interest as giving a permanent record of the galloping action of a giraffe. They show in correct sequence (from top to bottom and beginning on the left) successive phases of the animal's peculiar gait, with its long neck and its long, sprawling legs. A particularly interesting attitude is seen

in the last photograph but one in the central column, when the left hind-leg has been instinctively swung out to avoid an obstacle on the ground. In the right-hand column, it will be noted, the giraffe has doubled on his tracks, and is galloping in the opposite direction.

A HYENA'S "SELF-PORTRAIT"; LEOPARD; ANT-BEAR: SUDAN GAME FILMED.

FROM THE BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILM, "STAMPEDE," MADE IN THE SUDAN BY THE COURT-TREATT EXPEDITION, AND SHORTLY TO BE PRODUCED.



1. SHOWING HOW A HYENA TOOK HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH (SEE NO. 3) BY TOUCHING A CORD CONNECTED WITH THE FLASH-POWDER AND THE SHUTTERS OF THE CAMERAS (SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND): AN INDEPENDENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MAJOR COURT-TREATT WITH A THIRD CAMERA, SIMULTANEOUSLY, FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW, AND BY THE LIGHT OF THE SAME FLASH-LAMPS.



2. YOUNG LEOPARDS WITH A DEAD GUINEA-FOWL: AN INTERESTING ILLUSTRATION OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE "PROTECTIVE" SPOTS IN THE ANIMALS' COLORATION.



3. REVEALING THE HITHERTO UNRECORDED FACT THAT THE HYENA KNEELS TO DRINK: A "SELF-PORTRAIT" OF THE SAME ANIMAL SHOWN IN NO. 1, TAKEN BY ONE OF THE TWO CAMERAS THERE VISIBLE.



4 AND 5. MRS. COURT-TREATT'S PET ANT-BEAR: (ABOVE) ENTERING AN ANT-HILL, UPSIDE DOWN; (BELOW) COMING OUT.



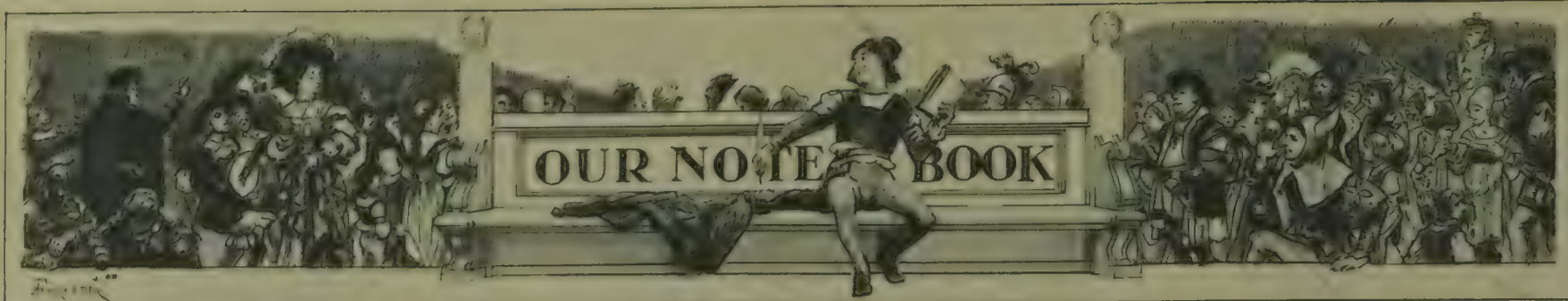
6. DIGGING FOR WATER IN A DRY RIVER-BED WHILE ON TREK: MAJOR AND MRS. C. COURT-TREATT, WITH HER BROTHER, MR. ERROL HINDS (SEATED ON A BOX).



7. A TREE AS A RESERVOIR: ONE OF THE BIG BAOBAB (OR TEBELDI TREES) IN WHOSE HOLLOW TRUNKS THE NATIVES STORE WATER.

The making of the film "Stampede," which, as noted elsewhere, is shortly to be shown in London, occupied twelve months. A note supplied with the photographs given above and on pages 970 and 971 states: "About 400 miles were travelled by the Court-Treatt party from railroad to the Bahr El Arab River in order to get pictures of crocodiles and hippopotamus. Camp was then moved another 400 miles to the west, and a base camp made at Buram, the headquarters of the Habbania tribe. Here the village scenes were made. The party then trekked in various directions with the tribes for the hunting and trekking scenes. They then moved 100 miles south and across the Bahr El Arab again, and down the

Shaleika River to a part which had never been previously visited by a white man. Here the game sequences and the elephant- and lion-hunting were filmed. Climatic conditions were at one time very adverse. During work at the Shaleika, water had to be obtained by digging in the dry river bed, the few water-holes being green slime, and fouled by game. These water-holes were the focus of all the game for miles around. At times there were antelopes, baboons, monkeys, and warthogs all drinking at the same time." Mrs. Court-Treatt made a pet of an ant-bear, which became very tame, and much attached to her. He found his own food on being put into an ant-hill each night, and returned to her every morning.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been reading properly, for the first time, the study called "England" which the Dean of St. Paul's wrote not long ago, and have been struck by the curious patchwork of truth and error that is usually produced by his remarkable intelligence. There are few writers in whom the contrast between the two is so abrupt; few writers who in that sense put down their meaning so definitely in black and white. In the matter of truth and error he at least does not produce a mere arrangement in grey and white; he produces something as striking as a chess-board. There is no interval between the things he understands excellently and the things he refuses to understand at all. If we compare, for instance, the passage about the quality in early English literature with the passage a little later about the history of Irish politics, we might think that one was written by a philosopher and the other by an ignoramus.

He writes, indeed, in a spirit of patriotism which amounts to a sort of cultivated prejudice; but it is a prejudice with which I sympathise. Some of the things that he says in praise of England are true without any reference to prejudice at all. Nothing could be better, for instance, than the passage in which he points out that the English are quite exceptionally free from vindictiveness. Perhaps he does not quite adequately distinguish between a readiness to forgive and a readiness to forget. But it is perfectly true that the English have given magnificent examples of both, and that they do really shine, among the nations of Christendom, with the truly Christian flame of charity. He is right again in saying that the English are not cruel, though that is not the same as saying that they have not tolerated cruelties. The truth is that the English have tolerated cruelties out of sheer good-nature. They have allowed abominable things to be done to their enemies and their subjects. But they have allowed them, not so much because they thought too badly of their enemies and their subjects, as because they thought too well of their rulers and their representatives. The weakness of Dean Inge's exposition is that he is always missing the point in cases of that kind, through a disposition to take a true compliment and treat it too much as a compliment and too little as a truth. Thus, he admits himself that the genuine kindness of the English is a little difficult to reconcile with the ruthlessness of a penal code that survived into a comparatively humanitarian period. But he does not see that what he thinks is the contradiction is also the explanation. It is bound up with that optimism which is the temptation of the amiable, and with a consequent disposition to avoid terrible topics and turn a deaf ear to terrible tales.

But it is also bound up with another matter, which the Dean also succeeds in mentioning without fully understanding. He recognises, as do all intelligent observers, that the English have a way of refusing to be influenced by logic; or, as some of us might say, of refusing to listen to reason. He says truly enough that England as a nation missed the meaning of most of the modern intellectual movements in Europe. And indeed, to judge by his description of them, the Dean seems to have missed the meaning of them himself. But anyhow, he is quite right in saying that abstract theories and speculations have seldom taken any particular hold of the English. But he does not see that this again is the explanation of the anomaly of abuses like the penal code, and of the merciless laws of a merciful

people. The English did not revolt earlier against the principle of certain ancient abuses, because they had no revolutionary principle to which to revolt. The softening of the old savagery in punishment has been almost entirely due to Rousseau and the French Revolution. But Rousseau did not change the world by being a

sentimentalist; he changed it by being a theorist. Kindly people in all times and places will feel compassion for evils; but it is only a new theory that can insist that they are not necessary evils.

There is another passage in which, in somewhat the same way, the Dean manages to miss the point. He propounds the problem that the English, who affect most people, even foreign people, as being simple and natural enough, considered as individuals, have yet been accused persistently, age after age, of being "perfidious" in international politics. But, though he propounds the problem, he does not make any attempt to solve the problem. He seems quite content to say, like the very vulgarest sort of Jingo, that the legend of the perfidy of Englishmen must be a part of the malignity of foreigners. He falls in this connection into one or two errors, to which a man of his reading and experience should be superior. He says that our foreign policy changes too frequently to be a conspiracy—though surely that alone might have created the idea that it was a breach of contract. But, as a fact, he is wrong. He is always praising aristocracy, or government by gentlemen, and he misses here one of the real arguments for it. England has, in fact, had a remarkably consistent foreign policy, as compared with the revolutionary changes of the Continent. And this continuity was largely due to the old tradition of government by one traditional class. But it has extended itself throughout the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth. That is why Radicals grumbled at the policy of Gladstone in Egypt. And that is why Tories are still cheering aloud the policy of Snowden at the Hague.

But I believe the real cause of the charge of perfidy is something more creditable and more comprehensible. It arises from the very fact which the Dean has already noted and I have already admitted—the fact that the English are moved less by good reasons and more by good emotions. But emotions, whether good or bad, do not always last. What puzzles the foreigner about English public opinion is that it often seems to have changed entirely in a few years, without any apparent reason at all. It has changed as the mood of a man changes; and the Englishman is a very moody man. That is where he differs, as in so many essential things, from the American. Now, when the English are accused, as they have been age after age, of tiring of a war or an alliance, it is not through treachery and most certainly not through cowardice. It is simply through being bored—or, in other words, through having had a temperamental change, without any particular rules or theories to measure or correct it. I do not say that in many cases they may not have been right, and the obstinacy of more logical nations wrong. But that, I am convinced, is the real explanation of the charge of unreliability brought against our policy, in so far as it was ever a popular policy. It goes along with all the rest; and is therefore both a weakness and a strength.

I am so warmly at one with the Dean of St. Paul's in pure sympathy with my own very sympathetic people, that I do not feel inclined to dwell on the one or two occasions when his really rabid and ridiculous prejudices appear. There is nothing to be said about his extraordinary reference to Ireland, except that it is perfectly obvious that he never read a line of Irish history in his life.



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF A FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S ART COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A LIFE-SIZE BUST OF VOLTAIRE, IN MARBLE, BY J. A. HOUDON, BEARING THE SCULPTOR'S SIGNATURE.

This fine bust of Voltaire by Jean Antoine Houdon (1741-1828), the famous French sculptor, is one of the most interesting lots in a sale to be held at Christie's on December 12, which includes also old English and French furniture, tapestry, porcelain, needlework, and Chinese jade carvings. The bust, which shows "the patriarch of Ferney" in genial rather than cynical mood, bears the sculptor's signature, "Houdon f." on the white marble socle. It is the property of Mr. D. Ballantyne, of Barns, Kirkton Manor, Peebles, and was formerly in the very fine collection of M. Faure, of Paris. It was purchased by the present owner's father.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

NOTE.—The third instalment (dealing with prehistoric reindeer-hunters in Central Europe) of Professor Dr. Karl Absolon's series of illustrated articles on "An Amazing Palaeolithic 'Pompeii' in Moravia," has been unavoidably postponed. It will appear either in our next issue or shortly afterwards. It will be recalled that the previous instalments dealt with the mammoth-hunting Aurignacians, who preceded the cave-dwelling Magdalenian reindeer-hunters.

SUCCESSOR TO A LITTLE STORE!

THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, JOHANNESBURG.

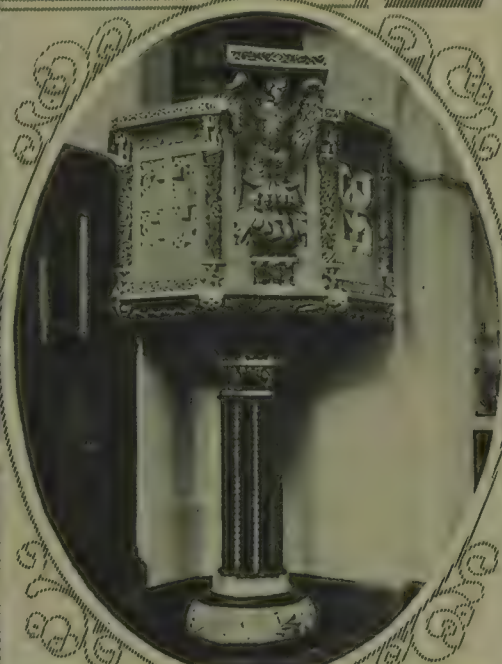
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, JOHANNESBURG, WHICH WAS CONSECRATED AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER: A VIEW OF THE NAVE, THE CHOIR, AND THE SANCTUARY OF THE FINE £100,000 BUILDING—AS SEEN FROM THE WEST GALLERY.



"AS A TOKEN OF OUR UNITY IN CHRIST": THE BUILT-IN STONE FROM CANTERBURY—AND THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.



IN THE STately BUILDING WHICH HAS SUCCEEDED THE STORE IN WHICH THE FIRST SERVICES IN JOHANNESBURG WERE HELD: THE PULPIT.



BEARING ON ITS WALLS THE NAMES OF THE 8000 SOUTH AFRICANS WHO "JOINED UP" DURING THE GREAT WAR AND MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE: THE CHAPEL OF ALL SOULS—WITH A MARBLE ALTAR SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED IN ITALY.



LOOKING INTO THE CHAPEL OF ALL SOULS, AND SHOWING THE WINDOW OVER THE AIR FORCE MEMORIAL: THE NORTH PROCESSIONAL AISLE OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, JOHANNESBURG.



BUILT IN ENGLAND, AT A COST OF NEARLY £8000, TO SPECIFICATIONS DRAWN UP BY THE JOHANNESBURG CITY ORGANIST: THE ORGAN OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL—ON A PILLAR (TO THE LEFT) THE BUILT-IN STONE FROM CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The new Cathedral Church of St. Mary's, Johannesburg, was consecrated at the end of September by the Archbishop of Cape Town. The ceremonies began on the night of Friday, September 27, with a solemn service of Penitence and Preparation, were continued on the following day, and concluded, on the Sunday, with the consecration of the Altar and a special service for natives. At the chief service there was read a message from the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this, his Grace, referring to the stone from the Cathedral Church of Canterbury which has been built into a pillar of the Johannesburg Cathedral, "as a token of our unity in Christ," said: "I would like to have the privilege of sending you from

the ancient See of Canterbury and from the very shadow of its Cathedral Church a message of cordial greeting to the Diocese of Johannesburg and of benediction to the Cathedral which will henceforth be the centre of its life and worship." As to the new building, it is, indeed, as the "Johannesburg Star" pointed out, "a far cry from the stately edifice that is now about to be consecrated to the little store at the corner of Commissioner and Harrison Streets where the first services were held when Johannesburg was in its swaddling clothes. But that was the seed that has flowered into the Cathedral of which the Rand is justly proud to-day." The structure has cost about £100,000, and is nearly finished.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LONG FINGER OF THE STRIPED PHALANGER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IT requires no very profound insight to realise that animals are adjusted to their mode of life. But when we come to ask how this adjustment is brought about, we are at a loss for an answer. It would help matters if, now and again, we ask what leads to new

quite recently, when discussing that extraordinary animal, the aye-aye, wherein, to secure juicy beetle-grubs embedded in the boughs of trees, the third finger has become enormously lengthened and reduced to a mere jointed and extremely slender rod of bone. Hard it is indeed to account for the development of so singular a finger, and at the time that I wrote I believed that it was a case without parallel. But I was speedily enlightened, and that by one of the most zealous and eminent zoologists of our time, Lord Rothschild. Having read my article, he brought up to me from his own museum—one of the richest of the world's zoological museums—specimens of two species of phalanger showing a similarly modified finger: I had quite overlooked the fact that these existed!

natural when the ancestral *Palpator* began to hunt for larvae. Its gradual elongation to its present proportions followed an adjustment to the stimuli set up in the finger by this intensive and restricted use.

A careful comparison between the fingers of *D. trivirgata* (Fig. 3) and *D. palpator* (Fig. 2) will enable one to see how easily, comparatively, this elongation of the finger in *Palpator* could be brought about by more intensive use for one set of activities alone. For in *D. trivirgata* it will be noticed that the fourth finger is already the longest of the five, but it has attained to this length by a progressive gradation from one to three. These three, indeed, are no longer than in *Palpator*; the fifth finger, again, is of the same proportions in both.

While the aye-aye and these phalangers have arrived at the same means of extracting grubs

There is much that is peculiarly instructive about this parallel. For these creatures are marsupials; they belong to the most primitive type of living animals. The aye-aye is a lemur, one of the next highest groups to man himself. But they differ from the aye-aye in one important point, since in that animal it is the third finger that is modified. In these phalangers it is the fourth finger. In the first of these two species, the striped phalanger (*Dactylopsila trivirgata*), the fingers increase gradually in length from the first to the fourth, which is the longest (Fig. 3). In the other, Milne-Edwards' striped phalanger (*Dactylopsila palpator*) the fourth finger is not only abruptly and conspicuously the longest, but it has become reduced (Fig. 2) to the rod-like form seen in the aye-aye.

Here, then, we have the clue to the origin of the finger in the aye-aye. We may safely assume that it did not come into being as a "sport" or "saltation," but was gradually evolved by the stimulus of intensive use from a hand wherein the third finger was the longest. Some day the remains of this ancestral aye-aye may turn up. Nothing is known of the habits of these two phalangers save that they are tree-dwellers; but we are justified in assuming that in *D. palpator* (Fig. 4), at any rate, insect larvae which have to be dragged out of their burrows form an important part of the diet. The use of the longest finger, the fourth, would be

from holes, though using a different finger, these two types differ in a very conspicuous way in the matter of their teeth. For

in the aye-aye the incisors are reduced to a pair in each jaw of enormous size and resembling those of rodents, while the lower incisors are of a very singular form, and the molars are greatly reduced in size. In these two phalangers the full complement of teeth is present. The central pair of incisors, however, it is significant to note, are conspicuously large; the others are placed behind them.

Other peculiarities they present, but they are of too technical a character for discussion here. The point that really matters now is that we have, in these teeth, a subject demanding further inquiry. But there can be no profitable discussion until we know more of the feeding habits of these animals.



FIG. 1. DIFFERING FROM THE AYE-AYE IN HAVING A FULL COMPLEMENT OF TEETH: THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE SKULL OF *DACTYLOPSILA PALPATOR*.

It will be seen that the front pair of incisors (A) are conspicuously large; the others stand behind them. But the pre-molars and molars are all present, the latter decreasing in size from before backwards. Before this dentition can be properly interpreted, we must know more of the feeding habits of this animal.

All Photographs from Specimens in Lord Rothschild's Museum.

adjustments. No very certain answer to this question is as yet forthcoming. Yet I venture to think that a very important part is played by the vagaries of the sense of taste. By chance, or by the pressure of hunger, an animal is driven to sample some new kind of food. It proves extremely palatable, so much so that special efforts are made to substitute this new-found food for what has hitherto been the staple diet.

Many of us know, for example, how different are the likes and dislikes of some parrots in the matter of food. Of two Quaker-parrots I once had, while one would have "sold his soul" for apple-pips, the other rejected them with scorn. Let us imagine a small flock of wild birds idly tearing to pieces some flowers they have come across, of a kind that they have not hitherto found—for they are inherently mischievous creatures. Some will find the nectaries yield a syrup that affords them a thrill of pleasure. Henceforth they will seek this satisfying food with more and more assiduity. Now note the result. The tongue plays a most important part in procuring food among parrots; the more and more intensive use of that organ for "honey-sucking" will set up new stimuli in its tissues, which will result in the development of new structural characters and at last to a specially modified and more efficient tongue, such as, indeed, we find in the "brush-tongued parrots."

An even more striking illustration of this pursuit of a special kind of food I gave on this page



FIG. 2. WITH A CONSPICUOUSLY LONG FOURTH FINGER, ROD-LIKE, AS IN THE AYE-AYE: THE RIGHT HAND OF MILNE-EDWARDS' STRIPED PHALANGER (*DACTYLOPSILA PALPATOR*).

It will be noticed that the fingers 1-3 form a gradually elongating series. The fourth is conspicuously the longest, and answers to the elongated third finger in the Aye-Aye.



FIG. 3. DIFFERING FROM *PALPATOR* (FIG. 2) IN THE MORE GRADUAL ELONGATION OF THE FINGERS: THE RIGHT HAND OF THE STRIPED PHALANGER (*D. TRIVIRGATA*), OF NEW GUINEA AND N. AUSTRALIA.

Here the fingers from 1-4 form a series gradually increasing in length. The fourth shows signs of "running away" from the others, but is much shorter than in *Palpator*.

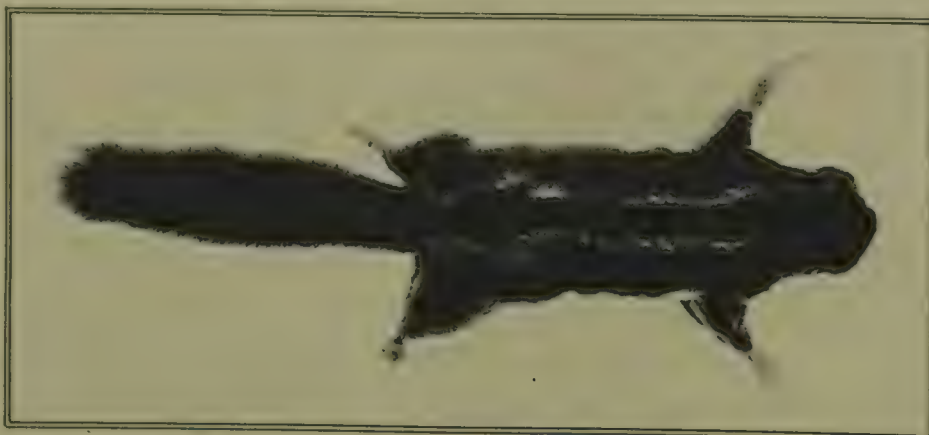


FIG. 4. A MARSUPIAL THAT HAS DEVELOPED A LONG FINGER, LIKE THE AYE-AYE: MILNE-EDWARDS' STRIPED PHALANGER (*DACTYLOPSILA PALPATOR*), OF NEW GUINEA. This is a striped animal of the size of a very large squirrel, of a dark-grey colour, almost black, and with a white tip to the tail, which barely shows in the photograph. The curiously elongated finger is more clearly shown in Fig. 2.



A PAINTING OF HISTORIC IMPORTANCE PRESENTED TO THE NATION: THE ORIGINAL PICTURE, ATTRIBUTED TO THE VAN DE VELDES, OF THE FAMOUS SHIP "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," OUR FIRST THREE-DECKER, WITH A PORTRAIT IDENTIFIED AS PETER PETT (1610-70), WHO BUILT HER TO HIS FATHER'S DESIGN.

FREQUENTERS of the National Portrait Gallery will be familiar with a canvas depicting a master-shipwright and the vessel of his creation beside him. The portrait in question has, during the past half-century, drawn upon itself no adverse criticism as a portrait. But it may almost be called a double picture, for the vessel shown is obviously no mere adjunct or casual accessory. The ship is at least as important as the shipwright, and the ship has been condemned by experts as faulty in several particulars. Professor Callender, the Hon. Secretary of the Society for Nautical Research, some years ago went so far as to say that the picture was probably a copy of a lost original. Holding strongly to this belief, he was able to identify the missing original when the Earl of Yarborough's pictures were disposed of last July. At the sale the canvas was purchased by Messrs. Spink and Son, and it was subsequently acquired by Captain Bruce Ingram, who independently had reached the same conclusion as Professor Callender. It is now our privilege to announce that the lost original, thus happily found, and reproduced in colour on this page, has, by the generosity of Sir James Caird, been acquired for the nation. It is the donor's intention to present it to the National Maritime Museum, which will shortly be opened in the Queen's House at Greenwich. While there are several points about the picture which will need clearing up, its pedigree is well established. It was inherited in the eighteenth century by a well-known connoisseur, Sir Richard Worsley, who at his death bequeathed it to his niece, who married the first Earl of Yarborough. Since 1805 it had remained in the Yarborough family. Again, there is no reason to question the identity of the ship portrayed in the picture. All nautical experts are agreed that she is the "Sovereign of the Seas," England's first three-decker; the ship that cost Charles I. so dear, and the most highly decorated and gilded vessel that ever ploughed the seas. The stern sculpture exactly corresponds with the detailed description of it written in 1638 by Thomas Heywood. Two other questions present themselves and are not so easily answered. Who painted the picture? and who sat for the portrait? Professor Callender believes that two artists were at work upon the same canvas simultaneously; that the ship was painted by Willem van de Velde the Elder (1611-1693), whose work it closely resembles, and that the portrait was painted

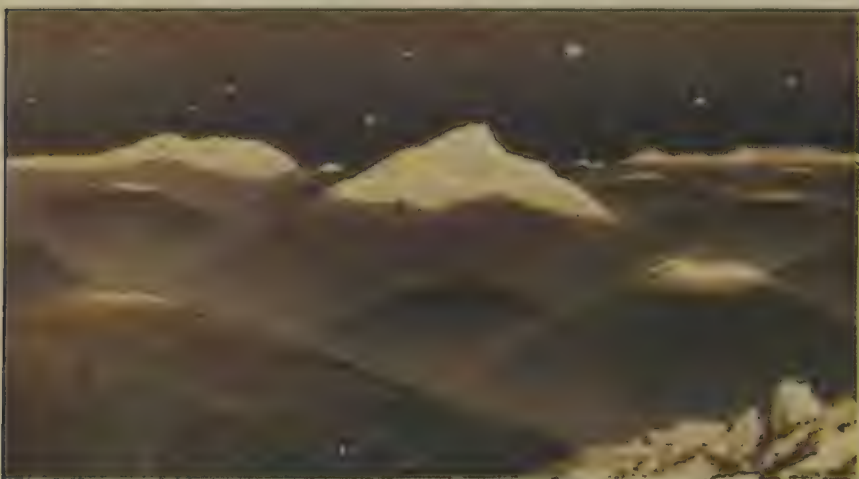
by his son, Willem van de Velde the Younger (1633-1707), whose talents in this direction have recently been attested by the discovery of a self-likeness, signed by himself. If there is anything in this argument, then it follows that the picture was painted, not at the time the vessel was built (1637), but when the van de Velde family paid their first visit to England at the Restoration of Charles II. As marine painters they must have been more interested in the "Sovereign of the Seas" than in anything else in England; and it is known that the elder artist painted pictures of her. Now the "Sovereign" was designed by Phineas Pett, whose "Autobiography" records the fact, and whose inscribed portrait may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery—with another of his masterpieces, the "Prince Royal" (1610), in the background. Phineas Pett, however, was an old man when the "Sovereign" was built, and, moreover, he wore a beard, so that the portrait is not of him. At his death, his mantle fell upon his son Peter, who, as Master Shipwright at Chatham, had supervised the building of the "Sovereign," and who occupied his father's position in the same Yard when, in 1651, the "Sovereign" was rebuilt. Peter's right to be associated with the ship would, therefore, seem incontestable; and it is morally certain that without his permission the van de Velde family could never have made their studies of the vessel in 1660. As Commissioner at Chatham, Peter Pett (1610-1670) exercised the important functions which to-day are divided between the Commander-in-Chief of a Home Port and the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard. Thus it came about that, when de Ruyter entered the Medway, capturing and burning the gallant ships that were the pride of the British Fleet, and when the public in no uncertain voice demanded a scapegoat, the blame for an unparalleled disaster was fastened, not on the shoulders of the Government which had divested the Navy of its power, but on the shoulders of the naval architect whose ships had given his country such prestige as she then possessed. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of this canvas if it illustrates the harmonious co-operation of two such artists as the van de Velde family, and at the same time preserves for us the lineaments of so maligned a public servant and so remarkable a man-of-war. It is highly satisfactory that this fine picture will now join the Macpherson Collection, also presented by Sir James Caird.

Landscape on Mercury: Two Hemispheres—of Intense Heat and Cold.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ON THAT SIDE OF MERCURY (THE PLANET NEAREST TO THE SUN) WHICH IS ALWAYS TURNED TOWARDS IT, AND IS SCORCHED BY INTENSE HEAT INTOLERABLE TO MAN: AN ASTRONOMEI'S IDEA OF MERCURIAL LANDSCAPE, WITH THE SUN AS A STUPENDOUS FURNACE—SHOWING CLOUDS PROBABLY FORMED OF WIND-DRIVEN DUST.



THE ONLY PART OF MERCURY WHICH A HUMAN BEING MIGHT FIND BEARABLE: THE BORDERLAND BETWEEN ETERNAL DAY AND ETERNAL NIGHT.



LANDSCAPE ON THE SUNLIT SIDE OF MERCURY, OUTLINED WITH STARK DISTINCTNESS IN THE BLINDING LIGHT: AN ASTRONOMER'S IMAGINATIVE CONCEPTION.

"The soil of Mercury," writes M. Rudaux, "must be terribly dry, and water can hardly exist there. Certain light vapours sometimes visible are probably wind-blown dust-clouds. Mercury turns on its own axis in the same time it takes to revolve round the sun; consequently one side always receives the solar rays, while the other remains in eternal night. Landscapes would be defined with stark distinctness. A



ON THE DARK SIDE OF MERCURY, ALWAYS TURNED AWAY FROM THE SUN: AN IMAGINED LANDSCAPE, WITH VENUS AND THE EARTH IN THE SKY. man would be blinded by the dazzling sunlight, and could not endure the heat. He would seek the cooler regions on the borders of day and night, but could not pass beyond, for the dark side is inconceivably cold. Here the only light is that of stars."

THE SECOND ZONE EVACUATED: FRANCE AND BELGIUM LEAVE THE RHINELAND.

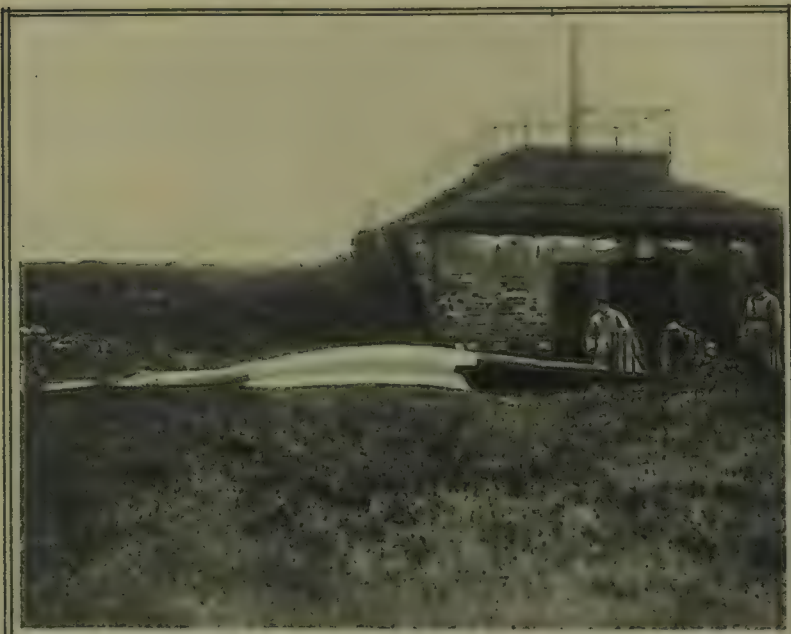


A FURTHER STAGE IN THE EVACUATION OF THE RHINELAND:
LOWERING THE FLAG AT THE BELGIAN G.H.Q. IN
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



AFTER HAVING BEEN IN OCCUPATION FOR ALMOST EXACTLY ELEVEN YEARS: BELGIAN TROOPS PARADED
IN AIX-LA-CHAPELLE ON NOVEMBER 30, BEFORE THEIR FORMAL WITHDRAWAL.

The last Belgian troops to remain in occupation in the Rhineland were withdrawn from Aix-la-Chapelle on Saturday, November 30. The formalities were few and brief. There was a parade before the premises which had served as the Belgian General Headquarters, with the band of the First Line Regiment in attendance. At noon, General Pouleur, commanding the troops of occupation, left the building with his Staff. A General Salute was sounded by the buglers, and an inspection was held. Then the Belgian flag was lowered, to the strains of the "Brabançonne." The troops, headed by the band, then marched to the station and entrained for home. That night Aix-la-Chapelle was *en fête*, and the German Republican flag was to be seen everywhere.



THE EVACUATION OF THE SECOND ZONE OF THE OCCUPIED RHINELAND BY
FRANCE: PACKING UP THE FRENCH TRICOLOR AFTER IT HAD BEEN
LOWERED FROM THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.



IN THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN ON THE DAY THE FRENCH LEFT
IT: M. TIRARD, PRESIDENT OF THE INTER-ALLIED RHINELAND HIGH COM-
MISSION, GENERAL THÉVENIN, AND OTHER OFFICIALS LOOKING ACROSS THE RHINE.

On December 12, 1918, the German Army crossed the Rhine in retreat, and the American Expeditionary Force entered Coblenz. On November 30 last the French tricolor was lowered from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and the last of the French troops of occupation left the Rhineland. It need hardly be said that the occasion was one marked by great rejoicings through-



THE EVACUATION OF THE SECOND ZONE BY THE FRENCH: THE LOWERING OF THE
TRICOLOR FROM THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN—A SIMPLE CEREMONY ATTENDED
BY M. TIRARD, GENERALS GUILLAUMAT AND THÉVENIN, AND THE FRENCH UNITS.

out Germany. At midnight on the day of the evacuation, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein was outlined with red lights and the German Republican flag was hoisted upon it, to the strains of the German National Anthem, the roar of guns, and much cheering. Festivities continued during the night and on the following day, when there were thanksgiving services in the local churches.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS PRISON: SING-SING—THE "DARTMOOR" OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE DEATH HOUSE IN SING-SING PRISON: A BUILDING OF SINISTER SEVERITY IN ITS DESIGN, IN KEEPING WITH ITS GRIM ASSOCIATIONS.



ONE OF THE VARIOUS AMENITIES OF SING-SING PRISON: THE INTERIOR OF THE HOT-HOUSE, WHERE FLOWERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD ARE CULTIVATED.



A RECENT ALTERATION AT SING-SING PRISON IN THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR INTERVIEWS BETWEEN THE PRISONERS AND THEIR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS: THE RECEPTION-ROOM, BEHIND WHICH THE PRISONERS

FORMERLY SAT TO TALK TO VISITORS.



A ROSE-GARDEN MADE OUT OF A FORMER CINDER-HEAP IN SING-SING: AN IMPROVEMENT EFFECTED BY AN EX-EDITOR OF A NEW YORK PAPER SERVING A SENTENCE FOR MURDER.



INTELLECTUAL PABULUM PROVIDED FOR THE BENEFIT OF CONVICTS IN SING-SING PRISON: A PART OF THE LIBRARY—THE SECTION DEVOTED TO BIOGRAPHY.



WHERE MR. EDGAR WALLACE TRIED TO IMAGINE THE FEELINGS OF A CONDEMNED MAN: THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR EXECUTIONS.



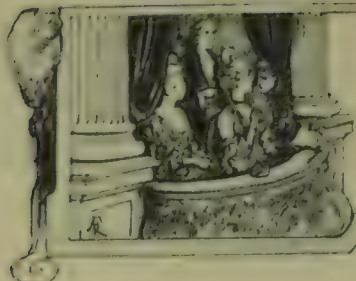
WHERE EACH CELL IS FITTED WITH "WIRELESS," AND AN EFFECTIVE DISCIPLINE IS TO REMOVE A PRISONER'S HEAD-PHONES: A WARDER AND CONVICT IN SING-SING.



DESCRIBED BY MR. EDGAR WALLACE AS "FAIRLY COMFORTABLE AND ENTIRELY UNLIKE THE NARROW CELL BEHIND A BARRED DOOR" IN ENGLISH PRISONS: A TYPICAL CELL IN SING-SING.

by the individual States were beyond his control. The prison population of the United States was given last January as 124,743, of which number only 11,335 convicts were in Federal prisons. Conditions in the State prisons were said to be much worse. The overcrowding has been ascribed partly to a general increase in crime. An interesting account of Sing-Sing Prison, at Ossining, New York, the most famous of American gaols, was given a few days ago by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known crime novelist and playwright, on his return from a visit to America. There, under the guidance of the Police, he

had studied aspects of crime in New York and Chicago for comparison with that of London. "Convicts and warders in a great American prison," he said to a "Daily Express" interviewer, "are boys together. The prisoners come out in the exercise yard smoking cigars, and doing much as they like. They lead a life entirely different from that of the English prisoner. My most interesting experience was a visit to Sing-Sing, the equivalent of Dartmoor. The whole system amazed me. I saw convicts talking together like ordinary individuals in the street. There was no sort of discipline as we know it in an English prison. I sat in the execution chair in Sing-Sing and tried to realise the feelings of a man undergoing execution. They told me that the electric current, turned on prisoners condemned to death, was quicker than pain. They had taken graphs of the heart action of executed men, and found that the reaction of the nerves was behind that of the electric shock."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



SYMBOLISM AND THE SILENT SCREEN.

THE success of the season of French films at the Avenue Pavilion continues. Not all the pictures shown have been of equal merit, but all have been interesting from one point of view or another. Cavalcanti's "Book of Hours" (the remarkable precursor of the German "Berlin"), "En Rade," by the same producer, and Jean Epstein's beautiful epic of simple folk, "Finis Terræ," with its marvellous backgrounds of sea and sky, are perhaps those that remain most prominently in my memory.

But now comes "The Fall of the House of Usher," to present Jean Epstein in a new, and in some ways startling, light. He is, of course, by no means the first to use symbolism as a method of vivifying the inwardness of a theme. D. W. Griffith employed it as far back as his great days of "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation." But I have seen no work by a modern American or Continental producer in which an abstract content is so successfully interpreted in material terms, and yet retains its inherently intangible quality. Fantasy we have had in plenty. But not sheer symbolism.

In the well-known story, Edgar Allan Poe lays considerable stress on the way in which the house itself has become identified with the members of the family of Usher. It is as if each owner in turn succeeds not merely to the possession of an actual building, but that he is brought into intimate contact with a malevolent personality, sentient and absorbing. When the film opens, Roderick Usher is in the throes of bodily and mental illness—illness that, to the mind, means insanity, to the body, death. But the spirit and the fabric of the house itself are no less diseased. Although the structure stands in apparent outward perfection, about its ancient exterior hangs the mad distortedness of poisonous fungi. Individual stones are crumbling; and in the mind of the owner terror is in possession—terror unnamable, unholy, disintegrating, that clouds mental vision as the miasmic exhalations of decay wreath ceaselessly about the rotting walls of his dwelling. The madness of the house and the madness of the man are one.

It is this sinister atmosphere which Epstein presents with such remarkably imaginative insight, and, incidentally, a veracity greater than that employed in the adaptation of the tale itself. Nevertheless, the alterations are, I think, dramatically justified, and, pictorially, they are undoubtedly an improvement on Poe's original rendering. Had the

sequence of scenes that show Madeline, in wedding dress and veil, at peace in her white coffin, and the stumbling journey of its bearers, by field and stream, to the distant tomb hewn out of the hill-face. Behind the white coffin streams out the bride's veil—a floating, diaphanous mystery of form, above the



THE HEROINE OF "RIO RITA," AT THE TIVOLI, A TALKING-FILM VERSION OF A POPULAR MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS BEBE DANIELS AS RITA FERGUSON, AT THE PARTY ON BOARD A PIRATICAL BARGE.

"Rio Rita" is a new talking-film adaptation of a Ziegfeld musical comedy that ran for two years in New York. The plot concerns a search for an elusive bandit on the borders of Texas and Mexico, mingled with a romantic love story, and the culminating scene takes place during a party on board a pirate barge in the Rio Grande. The second part of the film is in colour.

winter-roughened grass. Across the swaying bulrushes at the stream's edge it follows and falls; aslant and dipping above sun-glinted water, ominously deep and still. Down the avenue of great candles that,

Within the house itself madness and desolation are made visible. Always at the high lancet windows howls the storm that is the outward expression of Roderick's insanity. Any noise, save a few tones of a stringed instrument, is abhorrent to him. The shrieking of the wind is a cumulative agony to ears and nerves. Before his eyes the madness of the universe takes form in writhing curtains blown into almost gesticulatory shape. The ultimate helplessness of human individuality is personified in the immense height of walls, the glimmering wastes of floors; the scuttering of leaves about the empty corridors is but the futile scampering of mad thoughts. And the lighting—often by fire or candlelight alone—symbolises effort that cannot be sustained against the encroaching darkness of the mind.

Complete mental collapse follows (as in Poe's original) on the return of the awakened Madeline from her rock grave. And with it comes the fall of the House of Usher—destroyed insidiously from within. Its rottenness is tinder to the candle that falls across a swaying curtain. The outlines of its turrets and windows are lit with the phosphorescence of decay—false stars against the sky. A little steady and too steely this. It needed a softer mother-of-pearl luminosity, less obviously electrical.

But, for all its morbidity, its pathological subject, this Epstein picture should not be missed by those who appreciate unusual values, values that, as here exemplified, should do much to revive artistic interest in the silent screen. And the brilliantly synchronised musical and sound accompaniment, provided by the Avenue Pavilion management demonstrates most forcibly that living musicians and makers of "noises off"—when they are as efficient as these—are infinitely preferable to the most elaborate "tinned" and mechanised variety.

"RIO RITA" AT THE TIVOLI.

It takes all sorts to make a world—even the World of the Kinema. There is plenty of room for the art of Jean Epstein and the craft that lies behind a production such as the musical comedy "Rio Rita," a Ziegfeld success transferred from the stage to the screen. Yet if only the craftsmen could have borrowed a little imagination from the artist, how captivating would have been this Mexican romance! As it is, I find all the journalistic adjectives ready to slip from my pen—sumptuous, gorgeous, glittering, superbly staged, etc., etc., etc.—before the merits of the picture as an entertainment return to my mind



BOMBING A BANDITS' STRONGHOLD FROM THE AIR: A SPECTACULAR SCENE IN "FLIGHT," A NEW COLUMBIA "TALKIE" FILM, COMING SHORTLY TO THE TIVOLI. The story of "Flight" concerns a young American who joins the air-arm of the Marines, and makes friends with a dare-devil pilot. They both fall in love with the same girl, and quarrel. When a

girl who, in the book, appears as the madman's sister and is buried by him in a vault beneath the house while she is in a cataleptic trance, not been transformed by Epstein into Roderick Usher's wife, we should have missed the haunting and entirely beautiful

to the mad husband's eyes, mark out the pathway beneath leafless trees, it follows still—white flame amidst the gold. And at the entrance to the tomb it is the last thing we see—a symbol of imploring life and love on which the rock door is shut and sealed.



A CRASH IN FLAMES REPRESENTED ON THE SCREEN: ANOTHER THRILL DURING THE FIGHTING WITH BANDITS IN THE NEW PICTURE, "FLIGHT." bandit rising occurs in Nicaragua, they are both sent there with the squadron, and have thrilling adventures, the nature of which is indicated by our photographs.

As an entertainment, then, "Rio Rita" loses much of its possible charm in the process of elaborating a musical comedy by the scenic realism of a big-scale screen production. Musical comedy, with all its artificiality, its blatant but delightful incongruities,

(Continued on page 1004.)

BROKEN STATUES OF QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT RECENTLY "RE-UNITED" BY NEW DISCOVERIES— PARTS IN EUROPE; PARTS IN EGYPT.



1. THE BERLIN HEAD OF HAT-SHEPSUT, WEARING THE CROWN OF UPPER EGYPT (ACQUIRED BY LEPSIUS AT THEBES IN 1843-5) FITTED, "BY AN EXPERIMENT IN TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY," TO THE KNEELING STATUE RECENTLY FOUND BY THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION.



2. BEFORE THE BERLIN HEAD HAD BEEN FITTED TO IT PHOTOGRAPHICALLY (NO. 1): THE KNEELING-STATUE FOUND.

3. QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT AS A SPHINX, WEARING THE CONVENTIONAL BEARD OF EGYPTIAN SOVEREIGNTY, NOT OFFICIALLY TENABLE BY A WOMAN: A GRANITE FIGURE FOUND AT DEIR EL BAHRI.



4. FRAGMENTS OF A SEATED STATUE OF HAT-SHEPSUT, RESTORED WITH A CAST OF THE TORSO TAKEN TO HOLLAND IN 1869.



5. QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT, WITHOUT A CONVENTIONAL ROYAL BEARD: A FRAGMENT FOUND TO BELONG TO A HEADLESS STATUE ACQUIRED BY LEPSIUS IN 1843-5 AND NOW IN BERLIN.



6. ONE OF TWO ENORMOUS OSIRIDE STATUES OF HAT-SHEPSUT, UNEARTHED AT DEIR EL BAHRI RE-ERECTED ON ITS PEDESTAL.



7. WITH THE BERLIN HEAD (ACQUIRED BY LEPSIUS IN 1843-5) REPLACED PHOTOGRAPHICALLY: THE BODY OF A GRANITE SPHINX OF HAT-SHEPSUT LATELY FOUND AT DEIR EL BAHRI.



8. AS IT WAS FOUND BY THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION: THE BODY OF A GRANITE SPHINX OF QUEEN HAT-SHEPSUT WITHOUT THE HEAD (NOW IN BERLIN) SHOWN IN NO. 7 RESTORED TO IT BY "TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY."

In his report on the 1928-9 season of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York) Egyptian Expedition, before recording the discovery of Meryet-Amun's tomb (see page 984 of this issue), near the Temple of Queen Hat-shepsut, Mr. H. E. Winlock describes the finding of further fragments of the wrecked statues of that Queen, besides those of which he gave an account in our issue of January 5 last. Hat-shepsut usurped the throne of Egypt during the youth of King Thutmose III., and when she died, in 1479 B.C., the young King obliterated her inscriptions and broke scores of statues of her which she herself had set up. As no woman could, officially, reign in Ancient Egypt, most of the statues represent

Hat-shepsut as a King, with the conventional royal beard. More interesting still—Mr. Winlock succeeded in tracing several of the lost heads of Hat-shepsut, which had been found separately at earlier dates, and in fitting them—as he puts it—"by an experiment in trick photography"—to the figures to which they belong. The full story of these remarkable identifications is too long to be told here, but it may be found in full detail in the Museum's "Bulletin" for November 1929. Several heads and fragments of statues (now in Berlin) were acquired by Lepsius when directing the Prussian Expedition to Thebes in 1843-5. Others were obtained by Prince Henry of the Netherlands at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869.

An Archaeological "Detective Story":

BRICKWORK FOUND IN A HILL-SIDE LEADS TO THE TOMB OF A FORGOTTEN QUEEN OF EGYPT (c. 1447 B.C.)

From an Article in the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by H. E. WINLOCK, Director of the Museum's Egyptian Expedition. (Abridged.)

Mr. H. E. Winlock here describes an important discovery made during last season's excavations near the temple of Hat-shepsut at Deir el Bahri, in the Valley of Kings at Thebes. His previous report, on the wrecked statues of Queen Hat-shepsut, was abridged in our issue of Jan. 5 last. Some further discoveries and restorations of these interesting statues appear on page 983 of the present issue. Our illustrations relating to the newly-found tomb of Meryet-Amun, on pages 985 and 986, are numbered in one continuous sequence, and Mr. Winlock's references to these subjects are numbered correspondingly.

BY the middle of January we had finished our search for statue fragments in the quarry. On the hillside just north of the temple we had found the beard of a granite sphinx and small fragments of two seated statues. Such a lead had to be followed up. We had, however, a second reason for being interested in that hillside. On it we had noticed two chip heaps, weathered during centuries. The chip was shale from the lowest strata of the cliff, and lay much higher up the slope than any natural agency could have carried it. It was possible that what we had were heaps of chip from the tunnelling of some undiscovered tomb, and it was on this that we pinned our hopes.

The gang of workmen were started at the foot of the hill. On Feb. 23—six weeks after we had started—the men found a rough hole in the rock. They cleared out an irregular, jagged opening, and, when they were about waist deep, brought to light some rather carelessly laid brickwork. As a matter of routine we put guards on the spot (Fig. 2).

The bricks were merely stuffed into the mouth of an opening, and were only held in place with a little clay smeared along the top (Fig. 3). The pit itself was filled with dirt, rags, bits of a large white coffin, and the lids of straw baskets. Then we took out a couple of bricks and flashed an electric torch inside.

It was only then that we had our first hint that our tomb was not so simple and uninteresting. A jumble of white shawabti boxes and a headless Osiris figure could be seen just inside the opening. Beyond were several big round baskets, to which the lids in the pit seemed to belong, piled against the wall of a corridor (Fig. 4). Those big baskets were the kind usually associated with Eighteenth Dynasty tombs. Once our first surprise was over, we began re-adjusting our ideas. We jumped to the conclusion that we had found the tomb of another of Hat-shepsut's courtiers.

That night the tomb was sealed up again and heavily guarded. Then we started to remove the brickwork. One fact was soon established. Originally the corridor had been closed with a carefully built brick wall (Fig. 1a). All but the bottom courses of this wall had been broken down, and the tomb entered a second time, after which it had been reclosed with bricks and stones (Fig. 1b). Later all but three courses of this second blocking had been removed and the tomb entered a third time (Fig. 1c).

The last people in the tomb had made a path along the corridor by pushing everything over to one side. On March 3 I crawled in and gingerly followed in their footsteps. The passage was clear almost to the end, but there my way was blocked by a yellow, varnished coffin (Fig. 5). Its lid was missing, and inside it there lay a mummy with bandages absolutely intact, and with garlands over its face and a wig at its head. Beyond it the lid of a large outer coffin was propped up on its side in a doorway leading to the right, and just beyond the doorway lay the empty outer coffin, the missing lid of the inner coffin, and the cover which belonged over the mummy itself (Fig. 6). Here was a most surprising state of affairs.

These coffins seemed to be lying just as they had been dropped by a burial party when something had interrupted them—and another flash of the torch showed what that something was. I was on the brink of a deep well that made an absolutely impassable gulf across the corridor. The real crypt of the tomb must lie beyond, and in the far left-hand corner across the well I could see a passage leading off to the left.

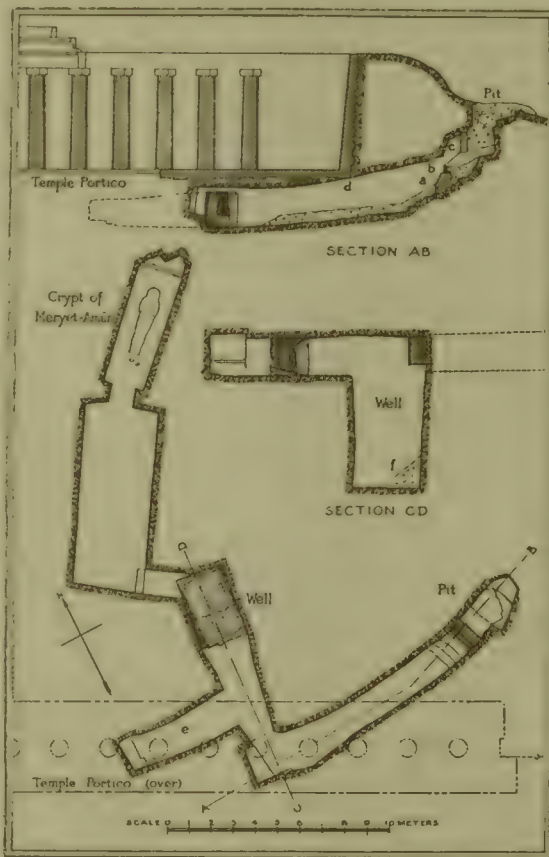


FIG. 1. PLANS OF THE TOMB OF MERYET-AMUN: (BELOW) THE GROUND-PLAN, AND (ABOVE IT) THE SECTIONAL PLAN. (SCALE, 1/200.)

The ground-plan shows the lay-out of the various corridors, with the position of the central well, which had to be bridged, and that of the coffin in the crypt. The letter *c* marks the spot where was found the pile of original bandages torn off the mummy, one bearing Meryet-Amun's name. The sectional plan shows the three different blockings of the entrance (*a*, *b*, and *c*), and the point (*d*) where foundations of Hat-shepsut's temple were exposed in the corridor roof—an indication of date.



FIG. 2. THE FIRST STEP IN THE DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF MERYET-AMUN, BESIDE THE TEMPLE OF HAT-SHEPSUT: THE AS YET UNEXPLORED MOUTH OF THE TOMB (CENTRE FOREGROUND) WITH AN EGYPTIAN ON GUARD BESIDE IT, JUST AFTER THE ENTRANCE OF A SHAFT WITH BRICKWORK HAD BEEN FOUND.—[Illustrations by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.]

For the time we were completely balked. The Osiris figure bore the name of "the House Mistress, the Chantress of Amen-Re, the King's Daughter of his body, his Beloved, Entiu-ny," and the same name appeared on the shawabti figures in the boxes. From the style of the coffins we could safely conclude that we had discovered another daughter of Pay-nudjem, named Entiu-ny, who died and was buried probably in the years just preceding 1000 B.C. When Entiu-ny died, somebody had known of the existence of this tomb. The pit was dug out, the blocking broken through, and the heavy outer coffin and the three lids were started down the passage. As soon as the first bearers had turned the corner at the end of the corridor, they found themselves on the brink of the well, and dropped their burdens. The bearers crowding from behind with the body had to drop it. Probably a discussion followed, which ended with some of the party leaving the others while they went off to look for a beam to bridge the well. Some were left out of sight among the coffins long enough to chop the gilded faces off all three lids. We could picture them hiding their plunder under their clothes when they heard no beams could be found. Bricks had been hastily stuffed into the entrance, leaving the Princess Entiu-ny lying just where she had been dropped on the brink of the abyss.

It was the morning of March 11 before the well could be crossed. We brought down a light beam and worked it across the well on to the doorsill on the opposite side. On the first we slid a second beam, and on the two, a board. I crawled across on my hands and knees, tingling with curiosity.

From the doorway on the other side there was one step down, and then inky blackness. I turned on my torch and flashed it around. I was in a chamber just high enough to stand up in, seemingly interminably long in the gloom—and blankly empty. For a moment the bottom seemed to have fallen out of everything, and then my light shone on a narrow doorway at the far end (Fig. 7). I came to a standstill just within the doorway beside three little empty saucers and a dried and shrivelled bundle of leaves lying at the foot of an enormous recumbent figure. My light flickered along it, and came to rest on a great placid face staring fixedly upward (Fig. 14) in the deathly silence of the dark crypt. Then it flickered back and followed down a column of hieroglyphs announcing that "the King gives a boon to Osiris, the Great God, Lord of Abydos, that he may cause to come forth at the call, bread and beer, beef and fowl, bandages, incense, and unguents and all things good and pure on which a god lives, and the sweet north wind, for the spirit of the King's Daughter and Sister, the God's Wife, the King's Great Wife, joined to the Crown of Upper Egypt, the Mistress of the Two Lands, Meryet-Amun, true of voice with Osiris."

On the 15th we raised the gigantic coffin-lid and exposed a disproportionately small coffin inside (Fig. 8). That was opened, and we were looking at a slender little mummy, simply wrapped, and festooned with garlands still fresh enough to show the colours of their flowers (Fig. 9). (For description of big coffin, see page 986.) The inner coffin, while much smaller, had been almost as lavishly decorated (Fig. 10). On the head we found a tenon hole which had once held the golden vulture head of a queen's crown, and all over the body were rows of nail-holes, showing that within and without the entire coffin had been encased in sheets of gold. None of this richness was left, however. In place of the vulture head on the brow, a uræus had been painted; the wig was coloured blue, and the face yellow; a blue and yellow collar had been daubed over the breast; down the front was painted a copy of the inscription on the big coffin.

[Continued on page 985.]

FROM THE FIRST CLUES TO THE FINAL "FIND": STEPS IN THE DISCOVERY OF MERYET-AMUN'S TOMB.



FIG. 3. THE TOP OF THE BRICKWORK BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, AND THE RUBBISH FILLING THE PIT: STRAW BASKET-LIDS AND BITS OF A COFFIN.

changed our minds. A pile of rags had been thrown into the unfinished corridor to the left of the well (Fig. 1). They turned out to be bandages ripped off a mummy, and among them we found one marked "The God's Wife, the King's Wife, Meryet-Amun, beloved of Amun. May she live!" These, then, were obviously the original bandages torn off Meryet-Amun's mummy by the thieves. Among other fragments of funeral furniture were bits of an enormous wooden coffin plastered over with white gesso. It had been actually big enough to hold the great coffin of Meryet-Amun. Here was a third, outermost coffin of Meryet-Amun, so completely wrecked by the thieves that it had been simply swept out of sight at the time of the restoration. It followed that Meryet-Amun had been robbed here in this tomb. Thus we arrived at the conclusion that we had discovered the tomb of Queen Meryet-Amun. In the first corridor, two things gave us a very good idea of the period

(Continued in Box 3.)

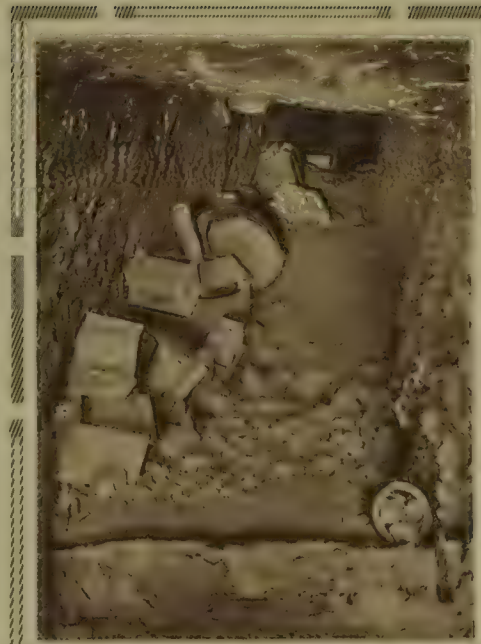


FIG. 4. THE CORRIDOR OF THE TOMB FROM THE ENTRANCE: SHAWABTI BOXES AND (BEYOND) BASKETS OF 18TH DYNASTY TYPE.

(Continued from Page 984)

With obvious signs of forcible opening on both coffins, we had a pretty clear story. At some time in antiquity, the tomb of Meryet-Amun had been robbed, and on the discovery of the outrage all that was possible had been done to cover up the damage. The date had been recorded in a docket (see page 986, Figs. 11 and 12). That second blocking of the doorway must have been done in 1049 B.C. by the necropolis officials who restored Meryet-Amun's mummy. So far we were still leaning toward our first idea that this tomb had originally belonged to one of Hatshepsut's courtiers. It was only when we had cleared the last of the rubbish out of the tomb that we

(Continued in Box 2)

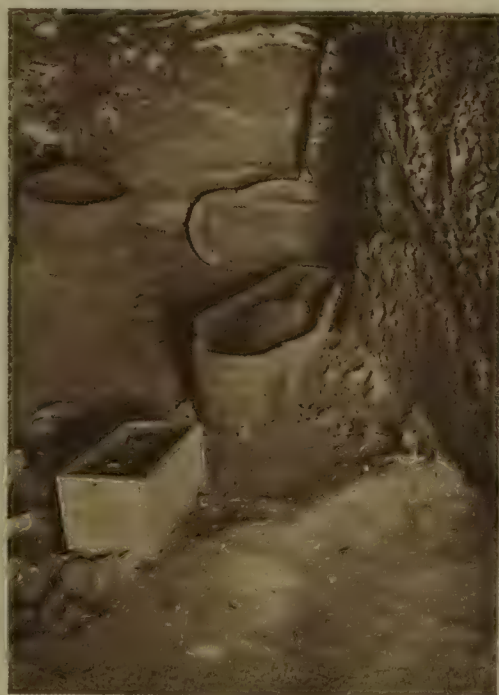


FIG. 5. A LATER BURIAL FOUND IN THE FIRST CORRIDOR OF THE TOMB: THE INNER COFFIN AND MUMMY OF PRINCESS ENTIU-NY (C. 1000 B.C.).



FIG. 6. THE EMPTY OUTER COFFIN OF ENTIU-NY ON THE BRINK OF THE WELL (RIGHT BACKGROUND): (LEFT) THE DOOR SEEN IN FIG. 5.

ceeded in 1447 B.C., and as we already had evidence to place the date of our queen's death somewhere between 1480 and 1440 B.C., we felt convinced that the two Queens Meryet-Amun were one and the same person. During her father's life-time she had been "the King's Daughter." After his death she had become "the King's Great Wife." But the last title — "the King's Mother" — had never been hers. She must have died soon after the coronation, for Queen Ti'o occupied the position during most of Amen-hotep's reign. Of Meryet-Amun, no recognised trace existed until we found her tomb.



FIG. 7. THE DISCOVERY AFTER CROSSING THE WELL: THE DOOR OF THE LAST CORRIDOR AND THE GREAT COFFIN OF MERYET-AMUN.

when the tomb was constructed. That corridor passed obliquely under the north portico of the temple, so close that the under side of the temple foundations were actually exposed in one place in the corridor roof, hanging precariously over our heads (Fig. 1). Now it is possible to dig under foundations once they are set, and even to expose them without necessarily bringing them down, but it is absolutely impossible to lay heavy stones unsupported across a void. Thus the tomb must have been made after the middle of the Eighteenth Dynasty, when the temple was built. Therefore, we felt safe in dating the tomb of Meryet-Amun to the second half of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and her coffins confirmed this date absolutely. Meryet-Amun could not have been buried earlier than 1480 B.C., when the temple was finished, and probably not much later than about 1440 B.C. The only question that remained was to settle the identity of Meryet-Amun herself. Two queens of that name were known, but our queen could be neither. There remained a Princess Meryet-Amun — "the King's Daughter, the King's Sister, the God's Wife and Hand (maiden 2), sweet in love, living like Re" — portrayed in the Shrine of Hat-Hur erected at Deir el Bahri by Thutmose III. This Meryet-Amun was the ranking daughter of Thutmose III, and of his Great Wife, Meryet-Re'. The Princess Meryet-Amun, the daughter of Thutmose III, must have been the wife of his heir and successor, Amen-hotep II. Since Amen-hotep II. suc-

(Continued in Box 4.)

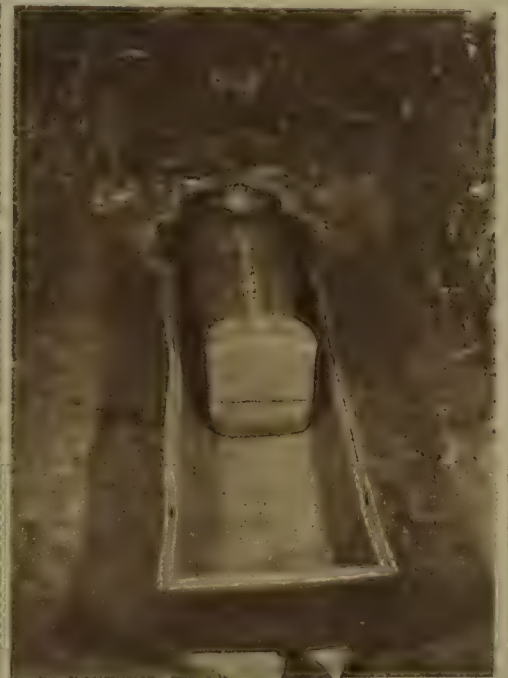


FIG. 8. THE INNER COFFIN OF MERYET-AMUN IN THE BIG OUTER COFFIN, AFTER REMOVAL OF ITS LID (SEE FIG. 14 ON PAGE 986).

The two top photographs (Figs. 3 and 4) show the first discoveries after the opening of the passages which eventually led, beyond an intervening well, to the sepulchre of Meryet-Amun (Figs. 7 and 8). Meanwhile, in the corridor between the entrance and the well, was found the coffin and mummy of another woman, who died about 450 years later, and has been identified as Entiu-ny, daughter of King Pay-nudjem. Entiu-ny died and was buried, probably, just before 1000 B.C.

The death of Meryet-Amun, identified as the first and childless Queen of Amen-hotep II., is believed to have occurred soon after their coronation in 1447 B.C., when Amen-hotep II. succeeded his wife's father, Thutmose III. "When Entiu-ny died," writes Mr. Winlock, "somebody had known of the existence of this tomb (i.e., that of Meryet-Amun), and her (Entiu-ny's) coffins and mummy, her shawabti boxes, and Osiris figure were brought up to it."

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S LOOTED TOMB: THE DESPOILED COFFINS OF MERYET-AMUN DISCOVERED AT DEIR EL BAHRI.



FIG. 9. THE MUMMY OF MERYET-AMUN LYING IN ITS PLACE INSIDE THE INNER COFFIN, IN HER NEWLY-FOUND TOMB.



FIG. 10. STRIPPED OF ITS GOLD CASING BY ANCIENT TOMB-ROBBERS: THE LID OF MERYET-AMUN'S INNER COFFIN.

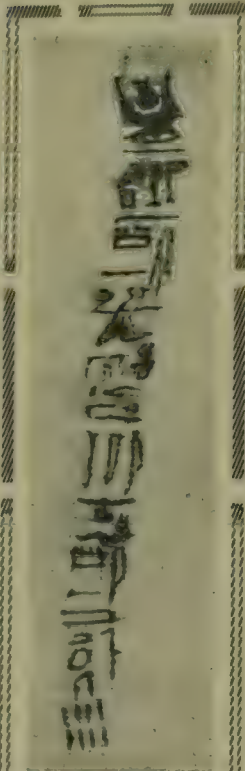


FIG. 11. "LINEN MADE BY THE HIGH PRIEST OF AMUN": MARKS ON RE-WRAPPIINGS OF THE PLUNDERED MUMMY.

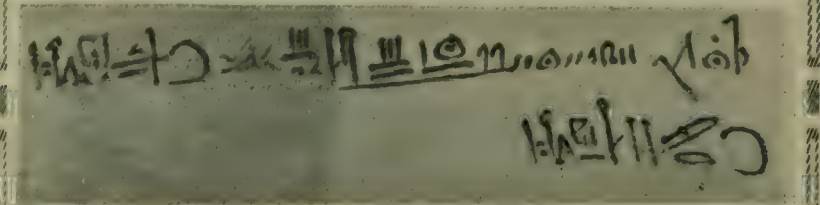


FIG. 12. GIVING THE DATE (C. 1049 B.C.) OF THE TOMB ROBBERY AND RESTORATION: A DOCKET WRITTEN ACROSS THE BREAST OF THE MUMMY OF MERYET-AMUN.



FIG. 13. THE HEAD OF THE HUGE OUTER COFFIN OF MERYET-AMUN: THE SUBTLE FACE, WITH INLAID EYES AND BROWS, AND THE WIG AND TORSO CARVED WITH DEEPLY INCISED CHEVRONS AND SCALES PAINTED BLUE.



FIG. 14. "ONCE OF A RICHNESS COMPARABLE TO THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN": THE GIGANTIC OUTER COFFIN OF MERYET-AMUN, COVERED WITH NAIL-HOLES INDICATING THAT IT WAS ORIGINALLY SHEATHED IN GOLD.

The important discovery (here illustrated) of an Egyptian royal tomb of the fifteenth century B.C., is described by Mr. H. E. Winlock in his article (abridged) on page 984. "The big coffin of Meryet-Amun," he writes, "is a remarkable object. Not only is it of gigantic size (Fig. 14), but a piece of superbly skilful joinery. The eyes and eyebrows are inlaid with glass stuck in place of some more valuable material. Over the body there are rows of little nail-holes which show that, except perhaps for the face, the whole coffin was once sheathed in sheets of gold, both inside and out. Obviously this coffin was once of a richness comparable to that of the outer coffin of Tut-ankh-amun. The inner coffin (Fig. 10), while much smaller, had been almost as lavishly decorated. The coffins had been stripped of their riches and then re-furbished. The date when this happened had been recorded in a docket (Fig. 12) written across the breast of the mummy itself in a bold hieratic hand, reading: 'Year 19, Month 3 of the Winter Season, Day 28. On this day examination of the King's Wife Meryet-Amun.' The mummy had been carefully bandaged up again in clean new linen... marked 'Linen made by the High Priest of Amun, Ma-sa-har-ti, true of voice, for his father Amun, in the year 18' (Fig. 11). Since Ma-sa-har-ti was high priest in the reign of King Pay-nudjem, it was clearly in the latter's nineteenth year—about 1049 B.C.—that the mummy of Meryet-Amun had been pillaged and then restored."

The Charm of Japanese Colour Prints: A Study in Wistaria.

FROM THE PRINT BY HIROSHI YOSHIDA.



CROSSING A BRIDGE AS AN ACT OF DEVOTION TO THE GOD OF LITERATURE: PILGRIMS AT KAMEIDO, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN WISTARIA GARDENS IN TOKYO.

As noted under another example of his art, reproduced in this number (on page 988), Hiroshi Yoshida is considered the leading exponent of the modern colour print in Japan. Here he has depicted a typical party of pilgrims to the shrine in the wistaria gardens at Kameido, in the Honjo-ku district of Tokyo. "Within the enclosure (says Terry's 'Japanese Empire') is a locally celebrated 'drum' bridge (*Taiko-bashi*),

a time-worn structure over whose high hump devotees climb (risky with high-heeled shoes!) as an act of devotion to the divinity to whom the shrine is consecrated. . . . Sugawara Michizane, god of literature. The wistaria hangs in splendid cream-white and pale-lilac clusters, 3 to 5 ft. long, from trellises which flank three sides of the pond, and by reflecting themselves in the water create a lovely picture."

Japanese Art with a Western Touch: Modern Colour Prints.



"AFTERNOON ON THE SUMIDA RIVER": A VIEW SHOWING THE ROOF OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY IN ASAKUSA (A DISTRICT IN TOKYO) SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.



"MOUNT FUJI FROM THE SEA-COAST": THE FAMOUS SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN—A DORMANT VOLCANO—FORMING A LANDMARK TO SAILORS VISIBLE 100 MILES OUT TO SEA.

The modern Japanese colour print has a distinctive charm due, perhaps, to a touch of Western realism. "Mr. Hiroshi Yoshida (of whose art we give here two delightful examples) is regarded," writes a Tokyo correspondent, "as the leading print artist of the present day. He is certainly the most prolific, and has his own studio, where he experiments." Of the river Sumida (or

Sumidagawa) shown in the upper illustration, we read in Terry's "Japanese Empire": "It is to Japan's capital what the Thames is to London and the Seine to Paris. It flows past the Asakusa, Nihonbashi, and Kyobashi wards, separating them from Honjo and Fukagawa . . . before washing the shores of Tsukishima Island and emptying into Tokyo Bay."

THE FOREIGN SCENE: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS ABROAD.



AN INTERESTING CEREMONY IN VIEW OF THE RUSH TO ANTICIPATE THE CHILD MARRIAGE PREVENTION ACT IN INDIA: A TYPICAL WEDDING OF A PARSEE CHILD BRIDE.

The Child Marriage Prevention Act, which fixes the minimum age of marriage at fourteen, received the Viceroy's assent in October, and will come into force in India next April. Since it was passed there has been a rush to anticipate its restrictions. It was reported recently from Bombay that an enormous number of child marriages were taking place throughout the Presidency, and that in Gujarat, where the orthodox Hindus are opposed to the new Act, marriage processions, with brides and bridegrooms between five and twelve, were a familiar sight. In the town of Surat alone there were 2000 such weddings.

THE FATE OF THE AFGHAN USURPER: EX-AMIR HABIBULLAH (BACHA-SACHAO) AND HIS ADHERENTS JUST BEFORE EXECUTION.

The ex-Amir Habibullah (formerly known as Bacha-Sachao, a bandit-leader), who usurped the Afghan throne early this year, and was conquered by Nadir Khan (now King of Afghanistan) in October, was recently executed at Kabul, with his captured Staff. It is said that they were hanged and then shot when nearly dead. In the photograph the ex-Amir is third from right standing. Fourth from right stands Sayad Hussain, and second from right, Sher Jan, seated in front of whom is the ex-Amir's brother, Hamid Ullah.



IN ANTI-RELIGION SOVIET RUSSIA: A CHURCH IN MOSCOW WHICH IS BEING USED AS A MILL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF WOOLLEN AND OTHER GOODS.



MUSSOLINI AS A HAPPY FATHER: THE DUCE TAKING HIS LITTLE SON FOR A RIDE IN ROME.

This charming glimpse of Signor Mussolini in paternal mood shows him taking his little son, Romano, for a ride on his horse in the Via Appia. Last September, it may be recalled, a new daughter was added to his family. Another interesting recent event connected with the Duce was the arrival in Rome, on November 22, of the famous "Mussolini Monolith," a block of marble 62 ft. long and 13 ft. broad, which was brought up the Tiber on a special raft.



FIGHTING ON THE DALAI NOR-MANCHULI SECTOR OF THE MANCHURIAN FRONT: A CARGO STEAMER AND BARGES DESTROYED BY THE SOVIET AEROPLANES.

In connection with the hostilities consequent upon the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute, it was reported on November 18 that the Soviet had launched its anticipated attack after a series of aeroplane raids carried out, more particularly, on the Western Manchurian front. It was then stated that the severest engagements had been at Dalai Nor and Manchuli, and that both these places had been captured by the U.S.S.R. forces, who had caused the Chinese some two thousand



IN ANTI-RELIGION SOVIET RUSSIA: IN THE STOCKING-MAKING DEPARTMENT OF THE MOSCOW CHURCH, NOW A MILL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF "WOOLLENS."

In our issue of November 30 we published a photograph illustrating a church in a Moscow suburb turned into a store-house for wheat. Here are two other pictures showing a sacred building put to secular use—in this case as a mill for the manufacture of woollen and other goods. The inscription seen on the wall in the lower photograph reads: "Imperialists are preparing for war. We shall be ready to repulse the enemy."



WAR ON THE MANCHURIAN FRONT: THE WRECKED HOME OF A CHINESE MERCHANT—A RESULT OF THE CONFLICT IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

casualties. At the end of the month came the report that Mukden had accepted the original terms of the Soviet Government; but, at the moment of writing, this lacks confirmation. On December 3 it was announced that the British and United States Governments had made joint representations to the Chinese and Soviet Governments in regard to Manchuria, calling the attention of the disputants to their obligations as signatories of the Kellogg Pact.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE FIRST LAUNCH OF AN AEROPLANE FROM THE TOP OF A MOTOR-CAR: THE MACHINE JUST AFTER LEAVING THE CAR'S SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED ROOF.
"For the first time in history," says a note on these photographs, just to hand from America, "an aeroplane was successfully launched into the air from the roof of a standard automobile, during the recent tests on the sands of Old Orchard Beach. The car, carrying the aeroplane on its roof, travelled at fifty-two miles an hour before the aeroplane, which weighed over 1300 lb., left it and flew under its own power. The machine used was a standard 'Moth' plane, and the car was a stock model Hudson sedan." The left-hand photograph shows the aeroplane just after it had left the car; the right-hand one was taken a few moments later.



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE LAUNCH (SEE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): THE AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT AND THE CAR FROM WHICH IT ROSE MOVING ALONG THE BEACH AT 52 M.P.H.



AN EX-PREMIER OF SPAIN TO BE RE-TRIED AFTER ACQUITTAL: SEÑOR SANCHEZ GUERRA AT VALENCIA.

Señor Sanchez Guerra, a former Conservative Prime Minister of Spain, was recently acquitted by the Court-martial at Valencia on charges connected with the rising there last January, and was released pending re-trial before the Supreme Court in Madrid. Meanwhile he must live in Madrid and report himself to the Court at regular intervals. It was stated on November 24 that probably some time would elapse before the new trial.



DISASTER TO AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION: THE YACHT "CARNEGIE" DESTROYED IN SAMOA.

It was lately reported from Apia, Samoa, that the scientific yacht, "Carnegie," was a total loss through fire caused by an explosion of petrol on November 30. The commander, Captain Ault, died of burns, the cabin boy was missing and believed dead, and four members of the crew were in hospital. The "Carnegie" was a non-magnetic craft built without iron or steel for the Carnegie Institute of Washington. She had seventeen scientists on board.



FORMER FOES MEET: GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK, THE GERMAN COMMANDER IN EAST AFRICA, GREETED BY HIS OLD OPPONENT, GENERAL SMUTS.

General von Lettow-Vorbeck, who commanded the German forces in East Africa during the war, was a guest on December 2 at the East African Campaign dinner held in London at the Holborn Restaurant. His former opponent in the campaign, General Smuts, presided. Frau von Lettow-Vorbeck was also present. Speaking of the German leader, General Smuts said: "He was a brave and a clean fighter—and a great commander who never knew when he was beaten."



IMPROVED FACILITIES FOR SUMMONING POLICE: A NEW EMERGENCY TELEPHONE BOX IN LONDON.
The Police have lately erected new telephone boxes from which emergency calls can be made by the public. When a call is received at a police station, the general utility van is sent out. Some boxes have been put up at Barnes, Kew, and Richmond. The one above is at Castelnau, Brixton.



LONDON'S NEW DISTRICT MESSENGER GIRLS: TYPICAL MEMBERS OF THE CORPS, IN THE NEAT UNIFORM AND CAP.

Owing, it is reported, to a shortage of boys available for employment as District Messengers in London, about twenty girls have recently been enrolled in the service, and have been provided, as our photograph shows, with a neat uniform, including a close-fitting cap somewhat of *beret* type, with an inscribed plaque in front. Girls have, of course, been employed as messengers before, but without, apparently, the same official status.



AN INNOVATION IN GOLF: STEEL-SHAFTED CLUBS NOW SANCTIONED BY ST. ANDREWS.

It was officially announced the other day by the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, that "steel shafts, as approved by the Rules of Golf Committee, are declared to conform with requirements." Such clubs have long been used in America, but hitherto have been barred in this country. Our photograph was taken at Messrs. Spalding's works at Putney.

BRITAIN'S SECOND GIANT AIRSHIP NOW READY FOR FLIGHT: "R100."



DWARFING THE PAINTER AT WORK ON HER ENVELOPE TO THE SIZE OF A FLY ON A WALL: THE MONSTER AIRSHIP "R 100" IN HER SHED AT HOWDEN AWAITING FAVOURABLE WEATHER TO FLY TO CARDINGTON.

The second of the two new giant British airships, "R 100," built by the Airship Guarantee Company at Howden, Yorkshire, has for some time been ready for her trials, but could not leave her hangar until the mooring-mast at Cardington, Bedford, was vacated by her companion vessel, "R 101," the State airship, which recently made several successful flights. The "R 101" left the mast on November 30, and was taken into a hangar for modifications. It was explained that, once "R 100" came out of her shed, she must at once fly the 150 miles

to Cardington, as an untried ship, in order to avail herself of the mooring-mast there, and that the flight would be made as soon as weather conditions permitted. It was also pointed out that it might be necessary to wait for a dead calm, owing to the very narrow margin of clearance between her maximum girth and the shed doors at Howden, rendering it a delicate task to walk her out of the shed without damage. On December 3 it was stated that arrangements for the launch of "R 100" had been cancelled indefinitely because of bad weather.



"HE CROUCHED TO SPRING, AND IN DOING SO FIRED THE FLASHLIGHT WHICH ENABLED THE
ON THE CAMERA HAD NOT THE FLASHLIGHT MADE HIM ST



PHOTOGRAPH TO BE TAKEN": A TIGER THAT WOULD HAVE LANDED
ERVE AND CRASH AGAINST A TREE.

**The Most
Dramatic
Wild Animal
Picture
Ever Taken
by a Famous
Big Game
Photographer:
A Big Tiger
Just Before it
Sprang.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION, INDIAN
FOREST SERVICE, AUTHOR OF "WITH A
CAMERA IN TIGER-LAND."

Mr. F. W. Champion was the first photographer to take tigers in their native haunts, and some of his earliest results appeared in our issue of October 3, 1923, along with his account of his methods. Further specimens—of tigers and other big game—were given in our issue of May 4 last. We now publish the finest of them all. "This photograph," writes Mr. Champion, "is probably the most dramatic wild-animal picture I have ever produced. The tiger was prowling along a jungle road at night when suddenly he saw the lens of a camera hidden in the bushes on the side of his track. He did not like the look of this lens, so, after the manner of some tigers, he decided to attack it. He therefore crouched to spring, and, in doing so, fired the flashlight which enabled the photograph to be taken. Had the flashlight failed, or delayed for even one second in its action, the tiger would have landed on the camera with disastrous results. As it was, he swerved in his spring, and left about a square foot of his hide on a tree-trunk into which he crashed. The fore-quarters appear abnormally large in comparison to the hind-quarters, but this is due mainly to the bunching of the enormous chest and shoulder muscles, and only in a minor degree to the false perspective given by the 6-in. lens with which the photograph was taken. It is to be noticed that the tiger's mouth is tight-shut, which is the usual position in an attacking tiger. A prowling or hunting tiger keeps his mouth slightly open, whereas the snarl so favoured by taxidermists is rare in nature, except with a wounded or quarrelling animal."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT'S BIRTHPLACE PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS FATHER, THE KING OF ITALY, AS A WEDDING-GIFT: THE ROYAL CASTLE AT RACCONIGI.

It was officially announced the other day that the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, and Princess Marie José, only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, would take place on January 8, the birthday of the Queen of Italy. Amongst the wedding presents is the Castle of Racconigi, given by the King of Italy. In this castle the Crown Prince was born, on September 15, 1904. Racconigi is 23½ miles from Turin. The château was built in 1670, and has been restored on several occasions since. Its park was laid out, in the style of Le Nôtre, in 1755. It has been the summer residence of the King.



THE SECOND OLDEST OBSERVATORY IN THE BRITISH ISLES TO BE MOVED TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE FAMOUS RADCLIFFE OBSERVATORY, AT OXFORD.

When the work upon which it is engaged is finished, which will be in five years' time, the Radcliffe Observatory, at Oxford, will be removed to South Africa. The Radcliffe Trustees have agreed to sell the Observatory grounds to Sir William Morris, President of the Radcliffe Infirmary, but they will hold the Observatory buildings and a part of the grounds on lease for the five years mentioned. The Infirmary will begin to build on part of the area almost immediately. The grounds, as a whole, cover over nine acres. The price paid for the site is £100,000, and the amount is forthcoming thanks to the munificence of Sir William.



PRESENTED TO ETON COLLEGE BY THE KING OF SIAM, AN OLD ETONIAN; AND THE CAUSE OF MUCH INTEREST ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY: THE NEW SUNK GARDEN, WITH A STATUE OF PERSEUS.

The garden has been called Italian, English, and Dutch—the choice is open. In any case, it is charming, quite apart from the interest of the fact of its presentation by the King of Siam. It is at the Weston's Yard end of the Playing Fields, and the gateway seen on the left in the photograph leads into the Provost's garden.



ANOTHER SIGN OF THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF SKATING INDOORS ON ARTIFICIAL ICE: THE NEW RINK AT THE "PALAIS DE DANSE," HAMMERSMITH, UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Skating on artificial ice is becoming more and more popular. The latest witness to the fact is the Palais de Danse, at Hammersmith, which is being turned into what is described as a "super ice-skating rink." For the freezing process, no fewer than 12½ miles of pipes will be used. In the photograph, the fitting of these pipes is shown.



THE STEAMER FOR WHICH THE B.B.C. BROADCAST AN S.O.S.—A VESSEL FROM WHICH ONE OF THE 29 SURVIVORS MADE AN AMAZING ESCAPE: THE "MOLESEY" ASHORE AT WOLTOACK POINT, PEMBROKEHIRE.

The wreck of the steamship "Molesey," apart from the tragedy of it, was of additional moment in that it presented two unusual features. In the first place, the B.B.C. broadcast an S.O.S. on the night of November 25, asking any ship that might be in the vicinity of Woltoack Point, Pembrokehire, to send, if possible, radio or visual signals to the "Molesey," which was ashore there and breaking up. In the second, a man who had been given up for lost (a young Maltese



ANOTHER DISASTER OFF THE PEMBROKEHIRE COAST DURING THE RECENT WILD WEATHER: AN ABANDONED AND WATER-LOGGED SAILING-SHIP AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA, IN A SINKING CONDITION.

fireman, named Pola Attard) was found to have been saved. He had been on the abandoned ship for some twenty-four hours, and then, in desperation, had jumped into the sea and struggled to the Midland Rock, close to Skomar Island, from which he had been rescued by a small motor-boat. Twenty-eight survivors were saved by the Angle life-boat, and Attard was picked up as described. Six men and a woman lost their lives. The "Molesey" was of 3809 tons.

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLOOD-WATERS: HAVOC OF "THE WETTEST MONTH."



ABOUT TO TAKE A DOG ABOARD: MEN ON A LIFE-SAVING RAFT IN A SOUTHAMPTON STREET.



THE MILKMAN ON HIS ROUNDS: DELIVERING THE MORNING'S SUPPLY UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A SOMERSETSHIRE VILLAGE.



FINE WEATHER—FOR DUCKS! A STRANGE FRONT-DOOR SCENE IN TAMERTON, DEVONSHIRE.

SUGGESTING
A GREAT
WATERFALL:
AN AIR-PHOTO-
GRAPH OF A
PART OF THE
FLOODED
THAMES
VALLEY—A
STRIKING
ILLUSTRATION
OF THE SEQUEL
TO THE VERY
HEAVY RAINFALL
OVER THE
THAMES
WATERSHED.



WHERE PLAY AND THE SECRETARY'S WORK WERE MADE IMPOSSIBLE: THE WORCESTER COUNTY CRICKET GROUND INVADDED BY THE SEVERN.



ISOLATED BY THE SWOLLEN WATERS OF THE EXE: A HOUSE IN DEVONSHIRE TURNED INTO A STRICTLY RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE BY FLOODS.

After drought and warning that water must be saved—the deluge! November was the wettest month known in this country for many years—unofficial pessimists have said for over a century. It is not surprising, therefore, that serious damage should have been done in low-lying districts, and that grave inconvenience, to say the least of it, should have been caused. Our photographs typify numerous kindred scenes. To take but one river, it was reported on November 30 that the

Thames was then flowing at the rate of 4,800,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, an increase of 300,000,000 gallons since the previous day, and that the total rainfall for the week ending on the Saturday had been 3.09 inches. The rainfall over the Thames watershed during the month of November—7.50 inches—was the highest in the Thames Conservancy records for forty-six years. In 1926, there was another high record—5.8 inches—which is useful for purposes of comparison.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



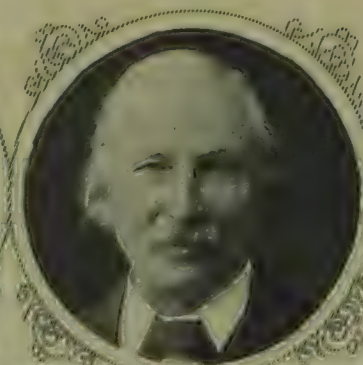
COMMANDER BYRD, U.S.N.

Has flown to the South Pole and back. The only man who has flown over both Poles, although Amundsen reached the North Pole by air and the South by overland travel.



CAPT. A. C. MCKINLY.

Borne as photographer in the aeroplane which has been flown to the South Pole and back with Commander Byrd, Messrs. Bernt Balchen and Harold June, and himself aboard.



THE HON. SIR JOHN COCKBURN.

Born, August 23, 1850; died, November 26. A prominent figure in political affairs in South Australia and Premier and Chief Secretary, 1889-90. A former Agent-General for South Australia.



MR. BERNT BALCHEN.

Pilot of the big three-engined aeroplane in which he has flown to the South Pole and back with Commander Byrd, Mr. Harold June (wireless operator), and Captain Ashley C. McKinly.



SIR ALFRED C. HOLLIS.

To be Governor of Trinidad and Tobago. Now British Resident for the Zanzibar Protectorate. Has had much experience in East Africa, to which he first went in 1897.



MAHARAJAH SIR CHANDRA JANG.

Hereditary Prime Minister and Marshal of Nepal. Has died at the age of sixty-six. A very able statesman who was virtually the ruler of Nepal. A great friend of England.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARTHUR SLOGGETT.

Died suddenly while walking near Regent's Park on November 27. Director-General of Medical Services in France and Chief Commissioner of the Red Cross for the major part of the Great War. Born, November 24, 1857. Saw much fighting.



ROYAL VISITORS TO ENGLAND WHO WERE DETAINED BY THE GROUNDING OF A MOTOR-SHIP: THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK MET BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark arrived in London on the night of December 1 for a visit of about a week. The motor-ship on which they were travelling grounded on a sandbank soon after leaving Esbjerg, but was got off after a comparatively brief delay. It was arranged that they should leave for a visit to Sandringham on Friday.



THE RT. HON. LORD BLEDISLOE.

Appointed Governor-General of New Zealand in succession to Gen. Sir Charles Fergusson. Formerly Sir Charles Bathurst. Born, Sept. 21, 1867. Called to the Bar in 1890. M.P. (C.), South, Wilts, 1910-18. Has held various offices, including Parl. Sec. to Ministry of Agriculture.

SEÑOR ORTIZ RUBIO.

Elected President of Mexico. Was the candidate of the Revolutionary Party. The figures will be announced officially on December 15, but Señor Rubio's success is admitted.



WALTER W. LINDRUM, THE BILLIARDS PLAYER.

Has provided those interested in billiards with a new sensation—and the "Times" with an unusual theme for a leader. Acclaimed as the greatest billiards player ever known. A left-hander. Comes from Australia. Breaks of 1000 are a habit with him!



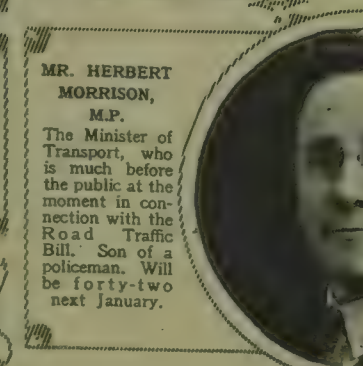
MR. ALFRED PRIEST.

The well-known artist. Born, August 5, 1874; died, November 25. Most familiar to the general public, perhaps, as painter of the "problem" picture "The Strike Weapon" (1920).



THE VEN. E. M. BLACKIE.

Archdeacon of Stow and Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral. Appointed Suffragan Bishop of Grantham. Aged sixty-two. Son of a Congregational Minister. A former Vicar of Windsor.



MR. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.

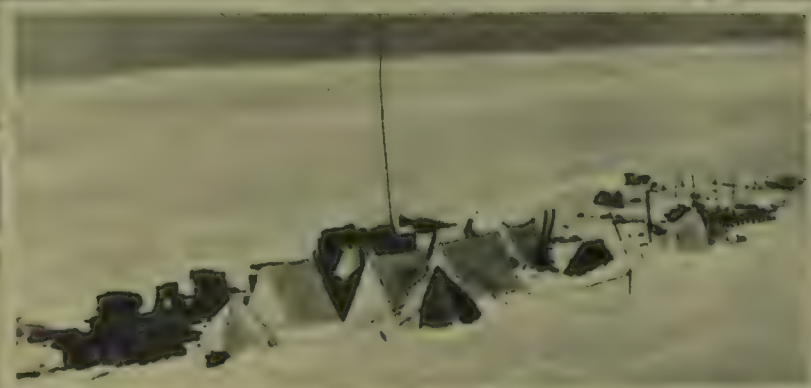
The Minister of Transport, who is much before the public at the moment in connection with the Road Traffic Bill. Son of a policeman. Will be forty-two next January.



TO THE SOUTH POLE BY AEROPLANE: THE STARTING POINT—COMMANDER BYRD'S CAMP.



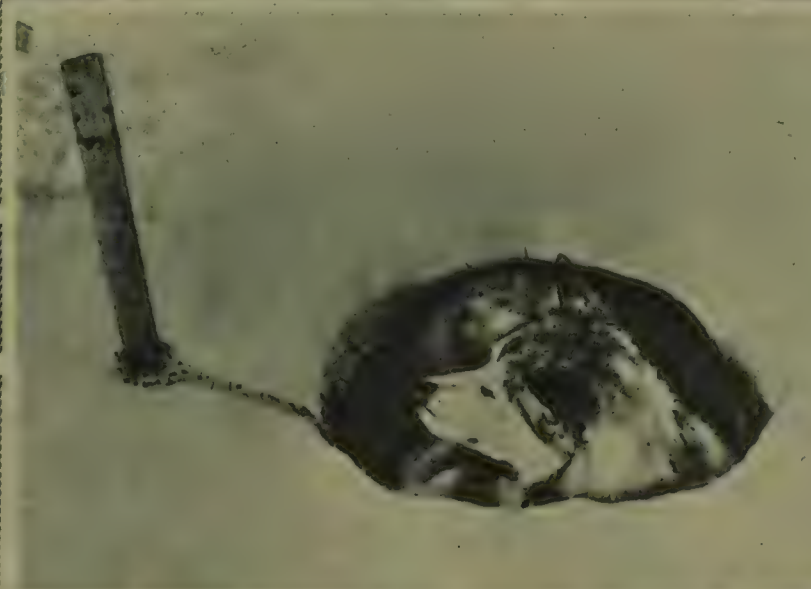
DIGNITY AND DOGGINESS: COMMANDER BYRD'S PET TERRIER, "IGLOO," SLIGHTLY PERTURBED ON HIS FIRST MEETING WITH AN EMPEROR PENGUIN AT THE EDGE OF THE ICE BARRIER.



BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF MORE PERMANENT BUILDINGS AT COMMANDER BYRD'S BASE CAMP, "LITTLE AMERICA": THE TENTS OF HIS PARTY IN THE ANTARCTIC SNOW.



THE BUILDINGS AT "LITTLE AMERICA" TAKING SHAPE FOR SHELTER DURING THE LONG ANTARCTIC WINTER: COMMANDER BYRD'S HEADQUARTERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



A "KENNEL" IN THE ANTARCTIC: ONE OF COMMANDER BYRD'S TEAM OF ESKIMO DOGS SLEEPING ON A STRAW BED IN A HOLE IN THE SNOW.



ONE OF COMMANDER BYRD'S AIRCRAFT IN THE ANTARCTIC: THE FAIRCHILD MONOPLANE, "STARS AND STRIPES," AT "LITTLE AMERICA"—WITH MR. RUSSELL OWEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



HOUSE-BUILDING AMID SNOW-DRIFTS REACHING ALMOST TO THE ROOF: PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO COMMANDER BYRD'S HUT AT HIS ANTARCTIC BASE CAMP.

CANINE COLLOQUIES IN THE ANTARCTIC: TWO OF COMMANDER BYRD'S ESKIMO DOGS DISCUSSING, PERHAPS THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.



On November 29, Commander Byrd, of the U.S. Navy, the famous Polar explorer, accomplished a great flight of 1600 miles from his base on the Ross Sea to the South Pole and back, in 18 hours 41 minutes. In a wireless message from his camp, Little America, on that date, a correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" reported: "With him in the aeroplane were Bernt Balchen (pilot), Harold June (wireless operator), and Ashley McKinley (photographer)." A later and fuller message from the same source stated: "The South Pole flight was one of the most dramatic as well as one of the most efficient long-distance flights ever made." There were some perilous moments, especially when it seemed doubtful whether

they could clear the mountains on the way. "At an elevation of 10,000 ft. (we read) it was seen that the plane could not get over the hump (of a glacier) with its load. 'Balchen told me we had to get rid of something,' said the Commander, 'so I decided to dump food; petrol was too precious: 280 lb. of it were thrown through the hatch.' The plane just got over the steep precipice on the glacier." The machine used was a large metal Ford plane named "Floyd Bennett" in memory of Commander Byrd's late friend who accompanied him on his North Pole flight in 1926, and was to have piloted him to the South Pole. Commander Byrd is the only man now living who has visited both Poles.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH the name of Clemenceau will live in history as that of a great patriot, we must not forget that he was eminent also as a writer and a philosopher. This side of his personality is, of course, well known to his fellow countrymen; it is, perhaps, less familiar to us, who remember him chiefly by his political sobriquet of "the Tiger." That nickname, by the way, however appropriate in the "jungle" of politics, does not seem to have fitted him in private life. In India and Malaya, for example, he showed himself a very mild and genial tiger, especially when addressing schoolgirls at Singapore. I did not realise the extent of his intellectual range and his literary output until there came to my hand, a few days before his death, two stout volumes—containing between them over 1000 pages—entitled "IN THE EVENING OF MY THOUGHT." By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson and John Heard, jun. With Portrait Frontispiece (Constable; Two vols.; 30s.).

Thinking of Clemenceau as a veteran statesman of a highly practical type, living in "retired leisure," I expected this work, at first sight, to be a reminiscent apologia of his own part in the war. On opening the volumes, I discovered my mistake. I should not like to say that there is no direct reference to the war in them, but, if there is, I have not noticed it. The work, in fact, is a confession—not of faith, but of scepticism—and a survey of positive knowledge from the beginning until now. It amounts almost to a history of human thought, from the point of view of a convinced rationalist. As the work of an octogenarian (it appeared in French two years ago) it is an amazing *tour de force*. With its vigour of argument, wide erudition, both in ancient and modern literature and philosophy, and the polished style of the translation, it strikes me as a work of very unusual interest, though tending somewhat to the prolixity of leisured age.

With the close of that strenuous career still fresh in memory, one feels the poignancy of the words with which the indomitable old man confronted the ultimate problem of existence. "All my life," he writes, "I have lived on noise, and now I hear the muffled tread of silence. Before I for ever hold my peace, what last words shall I utter?" He was "ever a fighter," and here he is at war, not with the ancient enemy of his race, but with ignorance and superstition and what he regarded as false teaching.

How far, I wonder, was the alleged friction between Clemenceau and Foch due to their different views of religion? Several allusions to their disagreements occur in "MARSHAL FOCH." His Own Words on Many Subjects. By Raymond Recouly. Translated by Joyce Davis, B.A. With Portrait Frontispiece (Thornton Butterworth; 12s. 6d.). Here we find Foch saying of a certain clever young politician: "He is a sceptic. He believes in nothing. So he will come to nothing." Of Foch himself we read that he "combined a simple faith with an intellect of great strength and critical ability." Readers of Clemenceau's book will hardly be surprised if the two men were not in complete sympathy. During his last months of life Clemenceau was writing his own memoirs, and, it is said, intended to reply to certain assertions regarding his relations with Foch made in a book published since the Marshal's death. Possibly it may have been the very volume we are now considering. On one occasion, however, this book shows "the Tiger" in a mood far from tigerish. "One Sunday morning . . . Clemenceau unexpectedly arrived at Foch's H.Q. He was told that Foch was at Mass, and it was proposed to go and tell him immediately. 'Don't disturb him,' said Clemenceau. 'It has acted too well on him for that. I'll wait.'"

The French war leaders, as M. Recouly points out, have been less forward to write their reminiscences than those of other countries. "Clemenceau, Foch, Joffre," he writes, "have been silent. Foch, it is true, has left some Memoirs, but from what I have seen of them I judge them to deal exclusively with military matters." That being so, such a record as this is all the more valuable. It contains, says the author, "some of the absorbing conversations I had with the Marshal during the ten years from 1919 to the end of 1928. . . . Foch granted me entire and unreserved confidence." Most of the book was about to be published, with his permission, a few years ago, but at the last moment he felt that it might arouse controversy undesirable in the national interest at a critical time, and it was postponed.

These conversations are by no means confined to military affairs; they range over a wide field of politics and history. "Foch (we read) could have been a great political leader as well as a great general." The question that occurs to me is, why didn't he follow the example of Wellington? How was it that, with all his keen insight into international affairs, as here expressed, and his criticism of the inadequacy of French Ministers, he—the victor in a greater conflict than Waterloo—seems to have been unable to assume command on the political front, or even to carry his views, for instance, about the Rhine frontier? When he sounded the Government on the subject, before the Armistice, Clemenceau's answer was (as given here), "Your business is war, but everything pertaining to peace concerns ourselves exclusively." One rather feels that Foch, having won the war, in a sense "faded out,"

America into the war. It was he who consistently frustrated all peace overtures."

In length of days Lord Lansdowne almost emulated M. Clemenceau, for he was eighty-two when he died in 1927. In a public career that had included the Viceroyalties of Canada and India, and headship of the War Office and the Foreign Office, "the main achievement" (says Lord Newton) was "the gradual abandonment of the policy of isolation, by the conclusion of the Japanese and French Agreements."

Mention of Japan diverts me from war and politics to art, by means of a sumptuously illustrated book entitled "SANDRO BOTTICELLI AND THE FLORENTINE RENAISSANCE."

By Yukio Yashiro, Professor of the History of Art in the Imperial Academy of Art, Tokio; Director of the Institute of Art Research, Tokio. Revised Edition. With sixteen Plates in Colour and 170 in Monochrome (London; The Medici Society; Boston: Hale, Cushman, and Flint; 50s.). Apart from the beauty of its illustrations, this book is an example of the amazing facility with which Japanese writers express themselves in English, and quotes Italian, with equal sureness. His enthusiasm cannot fail to stimulate interest in the great painter whom irreverent Oxford undergraduates have been known to call "Good old Botter," and who, in a familiar anecdote, was once described as "not a wine but a cheese."

Mr. Yashiro does not pretend to be a dry-as-dust critic: his approach to the subject is more human and emotional than critical, and, in my opinion, none the worse for that. "I loved Botticelli," he writes, "and studied him; that is all. I have written down my joy that others may share it." The preface to the second edition is largely concerned with the author's reactions to the adverse criticism of Mr. Roger Fry, who appears to have stretched the butterfly of "Oriental rhetoric" on the wheel of Occidental scholarship. I am no judge of these high matters; but it seems to me a cause for rejoicing, from the point of view of international concord, that our Eastern friends should write with so much sympathy of Western art. Could any of our learned critics reciprocate with an equally readable appreciation, written in Japanese, of the art of Hokusai or Hiroshige? I doubt it.

Linguistic attainments by a famous English painter are exemplified by several effusions in Italian included in "LETTERS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS." Collected and Edited by Frederick Whitley Hilles, Ph.D., Instructor in English at Yale University. Illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.). I do not find any allusion to Botticelli, but Sir Joshua expresses profound veneration for Michael Angelo and Raphael. He was not a prolific correspondent, but his letters, when he did write, were worth getting. One contains an amusing account of Mrs. Siddons, at Dublin, in terror of being tarred and feathered by "the Liberty Boys"—a possibility which, Sir Joshua confesses, made him smile.

(So, perhaps, will Mr. Epstein!) Less humorous is Sir Joshua's visit to Newgate, with James Boswell, to see a former servant of Burke's hanged for robbery.

In several letters, notably those to the Duke of Rutland, Sir Joshua refers to methods of cleaning pictures. This brings me to a little book which—on internal evidence—should be a valuable guide to such operations, namely, "PICTURES AND HOW TO CLEAN THEM." To which are added Notes on Things Useful in Restoration Work. By Thomas Richard Beaufort. Illustrated (Lane; 7s. 6d.). This book embodies an exhaustive series of articles on picture restoration, originally printed in the *Art Trade Journal*, and reflects the experience of a life-time, as well as wide knowledge of the amateur restorer's requirements.

Another interesting publication concerned with art, and craftsmanship, is an abundantly illustrated paper-covered volume issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum—"REVIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL ACQUISITIONS DURING THE YEAR 1928." (Published under the Authority of the Board of Education; 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.). There are fifty-nine full-page plates and thirty-eight illustrations in the text. The principal acquisition of the year was a set of 119 panels of sixteenth-century German glass from Ashridge Park, bought for £27,000, and presented by a benefactor who preferred to remain anonymous. And yet there are people, I believe, who for a much smaller outlay expect quite a lot of publicity.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

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When illustrations are submitted, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

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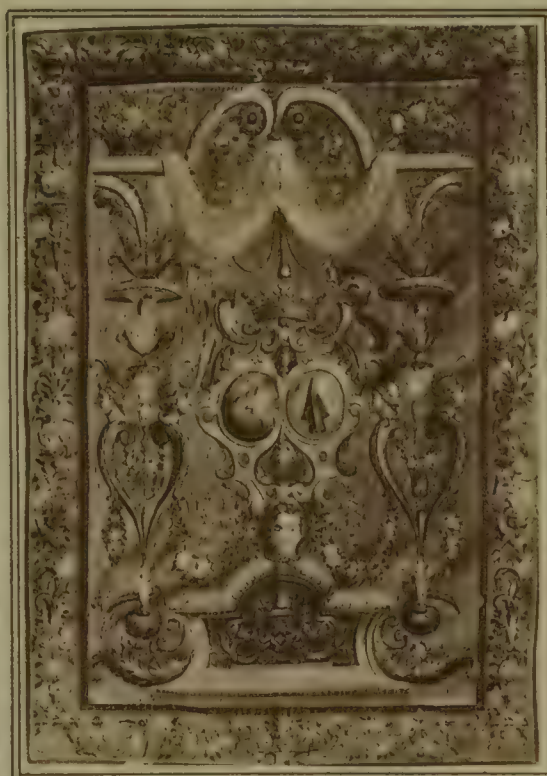
except as a military hero, and that his political capacity was hardly appreciated.

Certain contrasts both to Clemenceau's belligerent spirit and Foch's political genius are to be found in "LORD LANSDOWNE." A Biography. By Lord Newton. With thirty Illustrations (Macmillan; 25s.), an ably written work of manifold interest both on the personal and historical side. Referring to the famous Lansdowne Peace Letter of November 1917, Lord Newton recalls that it "encouraged thousands of people who had been longing and praying for some honourable way of ending the frightful slaughter, and they were overjoyed that a great Unionist statesman had come forward with a proposal to explore the possibility of peace." Discussing the reasons for the failure of Lord Lansdowne's effort, his biographer quotes Count Czernin's book, "In the World War," where he says: "Neither the *Entente* nor the ruling, all-powerful military party in Germany wished for a peace of understanding. . . . Clemenceau from the first, and Lloyd George later, were firmly resolved to crush Germany." Lord Newton goes on to declare that the heaviest responsibility for the continuation of the war and the downfall of his country rests on General Ludendorff, then "the real ruler of Germany." It is here that the difference between him and Marshal Foch becomes apparent. "By a strange paradox (we read) his military efficiency proved his undoing; for, being completely destitute of any political sense, he insisted, heedless of all warnings, upon action which brought

ART—AND HISTORY: A SALE; A DISCOVERY; AN INTERPRETATION.



A FINE PANEL OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH TAPESTRY THAT IS TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER:
"THE ISLE OF THE BLESSED."



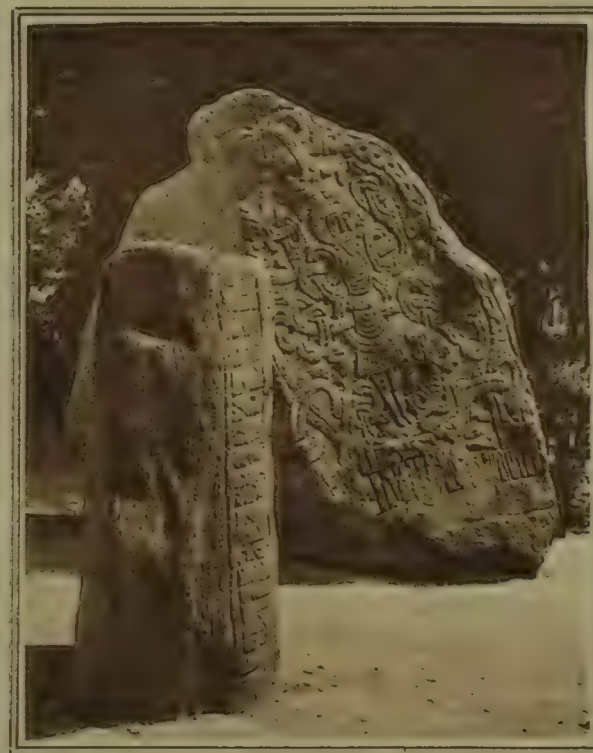
OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: ONE OF A PAIR OF GOBELINS TAPESTRY PANELS WHICH ARE TO BE AUCTIONED.



ELIZABETHAN NEEDLEWORK FOR SALE: A PANEL DEPICTING "A QUEEN AND AN AGED KING SURROUNDED BY ATTENDANTS."

The three photographs here given illustrate pieces that will figure in the sale of a collection of antique textiles and tapestries, the property of the Marques de Elorza, of Jerona, Spain, which will be held by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on December 13. The tapestry "The Isle of the Blessed" is woven in colours and gold and silver thread, and is 12 ft. 2 in. by 18 ft. 6 in. The inscription on the column is "Passant il nia rien plus admirable que cest isle." The Gobelins shown is one of a

pair, and is 9 ft. 7 in. by 6 ft. 7 in. In the centre are a hand grasping a trefoil and a spear-head. The Elizabethan panel is one of three, and measures 16 in. by 62 in. It depicts "a queen and an aged king surrounded by attendants. The queen is receiving the salutation of a courtier, whose horse and attendants appear on the left. In the background are buildings and sheep grazing on a river bank." The date of the work is about 1590. The other panels are 16 in. by 36 in.



THE ROMANTIC DISCOVERY OF THE CORONATION DRESS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE: THE GOWN, WHICH WAS HIDDEN FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.

FOUND AT THE SAME TIME AS THE CORONATION DRESS: A GOWN WORN BY THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE—A "RELIC" OF SATIN BROCADED IN GOLD.

A few months ago there came to light in Paris the Coronation dress of the Empress Josephine. The circumstances are romantic. It would appear that the gown in question—with another, a scarf, a bonnet, and a pair of white satin shoes—was selected by Josephine's daughter Hortense shortly after her mother's death, and that, with the other "relics," it was kept in an air-tight box. This passed eventually into the hands of Mme. Salvage de Faverolles, a descendant of Queen Hortense. This lady said nothing of her historic treasure, and it was not until she died and her estate had to be divided that the box and its contents became known. The relics were about to be sold by auction when they were bought for presentation to France.

A FAMOUS TENTH-CENTURY CHRISTUS RE-INTERPRETED: NOT A CRUCIFIED CHRIST, BUT CHRIST WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN PROTECTION.

The figure of Christ on this famous monument at Jelling, Jutland, which dates from 960 A.D., and was erected by King Harald of Denmark—the first Danish King to accept Christianity—in memory of his father and mother, was for ages accepted as showing Christ crucified, chiefly because of the outstretched arms. There is, however, no cross in the design, and it is now agreed that the arms are shown outstretched merely to symbolise protection.



ONE HUNDRED PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

"The King's Pictures." Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.*

Hampton Court—they are well illustrated in the volumes under review—and the series of Raphael cartoons (bought by the King on the advice of Rubens himself) which are at South Kensington.

If Charles I. appears as a tragic figure in this account, George IV. is given his rightful place as

masters, and it is something of a shock to find that the next reproduction is a slick, pompous Detaille of King Edward, as Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught reviewing troops at Aldershot.

The Frith "Ramsgate Sands" rivals the ever-popular "Derby Day" in the National Gallery (are there still people, by the way, who look down upon this more than competent artist?); while the Zoffany group of Queen Charlotte and her two eldest children (here reproduced), with its elaborate arrangement of mirrors and the children's fancy-dress, is sure to please even those who find Zoffany too formal.

Of the Dutch pictures, the Pieter de Hoogh—"The Game of Cards," is very well known to the public. "A Garden with a Group of Figures" shows this painter in an entirely unfamiliar light. The J. Van Ruisdael, the Van der Heyden, the W. Van de Velde, are superb of their kind. The very unimportant "Portrait of The Black Prince" by Belcamp, a pupil of Van Dyck, could surely have been omitted, as also a doubtful Gerard Dou and a Netscher, not to mention the so-called Titian (No. 87). In their place room might have been found for the fine Bassano from Hampton Court, a Tintoretto portrait from the same palace, and one or two of the Holbein drawings from Windsor. But it is ungracious to cavil at so generous and well-arranged a set of reproductions. Here are fine things in full measure and overflowing. Each plate is detachable, and this alone will do much to ensure the popularity of the whole.



"PORTRAIT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN,"
BY JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1733-1810).

Queen Charlotte is seated at her dressing-table in a room of old Buckingham House. The Princess Royal, in a fantastic Oriental dress, stands by her mother's knee on the right, and the Prince of Wales, in a Roman military dress, stands on his mother's left. The Queen's head is reflected in a mirror on the table. Beside the door is a tall French clock, now in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

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hero, for it is to him that the Royal Family owes many of its English, and practically all its Dutch pictures. Few people have a good word to say for the First Gentleman of Europe, and contemplation of the Pavilion at Brighton does not prepare one for the revelation that his taste in art was pretty sound. This is an under-statement, if one may judge by only a few of the works he secured. There are, for example, the splendid Rembrandt "The Shipbuilder and His Wife," the Ter Borch—"The Letter," and the lovely Gainsborough sketch, "Diana and Actæon," which was lent recently by his Majesty to the Gainsborough Show at Agnew's.

It is in connection with Gainsborough, and with Gainsborough only, that one of the excellent descriptive notes accompanying the illustrations seems oddly lacking in insight. This is the quotation—"It is perhaps strange that the heart of Gainsborough, one of the most brilliant portrait-painters that the world has ever known, should have been so little stirred by this branch of painting, but wrapped, instead, in the interpretation of his native countryside."

Now, in heaven's name, what is there strange in the phenomenon of a great painter tiring of eternal portrait-painting, and consequent social success, and expressing his real aspirations, whenever he found time, in landscape? Lesser men can be content with perpetual commissions to paint this or that society beauty or titled nobody, with an occasional visit from clients of character and genuine distinction. It was surely just because Gainsborough was in the first flight as an artist that he has left us those noble landscapes in addition to his other work.

Art-lovers will be particularly grateful to the compilers for the inclusion of many lesser-known masters. We are familiar with the Vermeer and the Van Dycks, to mention but two outstanding names. But very few know the delightful Joos Van Cleve—"The Painter's Wife" (No. 91)—or the admirable little composition, "The Young Gamblers," by the brothers Le Nain (No. 67). This last is a delightful picture by these rare French seventeenth-century



"PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCESS SOPHIA,"
BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1759-1810).

In 1785 John Hoppner exhibited at the Royal Academy this delightful portrait of Princess Sophia, daughter of George III., with a companion portrait of her sister, Princess Mary. These portraits have always been justly popular with the Royal Family, and occupy prominent places in the White Drawing Room at Windsor Castle.

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A "PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,"
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-88).

H.R.H. Prince Adolphus, afterwards Duke of Cambridge, was born in 1774. This charming portrait, showing him in his eighth year, belongs to the series of oval portraits painted by Gainsborough at Windsor Castle in 1782. Among them is a companion portrait of Prince Augustus, afterwards Duke of Sussex, a year older than his brother, Prince Adolphus. Both pictures are at Windsor.

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who looked upon the royal pictures as works of Satan. One can only be thankful that there was a sale, and not a public burning. Puritan fanaticism, unlike that of Savonarola, was tempered by sound business instinct. In one way and another, some items came back at the Restoration, notably the fine Mantegna designs now in the Orangery at

* "The King's Pictures." Three Vols. With Descriptive Notes by P. G. Konody, Sir Martin Conway, M.P., and Sir Lionel Cust. (The Fine Arts Publishing Co., Ltd.; £4 4s.)

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AT THE SIGN OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 982.)

belongs to the limited expanse of the stage. Set in the canvas embrace of painted rock and river, a chorus of singing cowboys delights without disconcerting, simply because we concentrate on the rousing song of a male chorus that happens, for the nonce, to be clad in the picturesque garb of the cowboy. But when Captain Jim Stewart's hefty company of Mexican Rangers come galloping through the swirling dust of a convincingly real valley and sing—or appear to sing—a carefully harmonised ensemble as they ride, the effect is decidedly jarring. Thus, too, there is a greater element of surprise than of pleasure in the presence of a bare-limbed beauty-chorus, indulging in their customary physical exercises, in the centre of a sun-splashed arcaded and splendidly solid market-place. Neither chorus nor dancing, or, at any rate, the modern equivalent for dancing, holds our complete attention. They are dwarfed, belittled, cheapened, by the apparent reality of sky and stone, the size of the productional canvas, the very solidity of their surroundings. And the musical-comedy plot, cut so closely to pattern that it needs no detailed telling, shows up for the same reason in all its paucity of invention and of plausibility! We are told in the programme that one of the dresses worn by Bebe Daniels cost two thousand pounds. She has come a great deal nearer to our hearts in a cotton frock!

Nevertheless, Miss Daniels, charming comédienne and plucky "stunt" actress of the past, has revealed herself in a new and attractive aspect. She is a delightful singer, investing the melodies that fall to her share with a nice romantic flavour. She finds, in the handsome John Boles, a gallant partner whose fine voice does full justice to the insinuating love-song warbled in Rita's Mexican garden. And when they are allowed to be purely pictorial—as in an exquisite scene by a willow-guarded pool in the moonlight—they are perfect. It is not their fault if we are left entirely unmoved by the brief rupture in their love-affairs.

"Rio Rita" should be judged as a continuous vaudeville-show, largely planned. As such it has

many enjoyable moments. Messrs. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—especially the latter—manage to be really funny in their comic interludes; the songs are tuneful; the colour-photography of the picture's second half on board the villain's magnificent pirate barge is effective, and occasionally beautiful; the costumes—well, I must refer you to the list of adjectives already quoted. It seems ungrateful to find fault with so prodigal a feast, but I may be pardoned since I ask, not for more, but for less. The little less, and how much more it is!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."
AT THE KINGSWAY.

YOUNG MISS 1929 may urge that Sheridan's diction is a trifle mannered for these days, but even she must admit what a treat it is to hear the famous lines of Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Lady Sneerwell delivered with such perfect and yet lively diction as they are now at the Kingsway, and even she must agree how rich remains the wit, how effective the chief characters, how rounded the style of "The School for Scandal," its age notwithstanding. Veteran playgoers, on the other hand, who can count their Lady Teazles by the score, may have their sentimental attachments to this or that actress of past days, but even they will find little to quarrel with in Miss Angela Baddeley's refreshing high spirits and girlish naturalness, and have a difficulty in recalling a revival in which the immortal screen scene ended to more resounding applause than on the Kingsway first night. Why, this play can stand a certain amount of miscasting. You may set a born Charles Surface to act Joseph and a born Joseph to act Charles, as here—where Mr. Ian Fleming and Mr. Henry Hewitt might well change places—and yet not seriously impair the forcefulness of the comedy. You may choose for irritable Sir Peter so phlegmatic a comedian as Mr. Frank Cellier, and yet miss little in the famous duels between husband and wife. And this because good dialogue of marked rhythm, when well rendered, as it is here by Mr. Cellier and his colleagues, triumphs over such trifles. Miss Grizelda Hervey makes a handsome Lady Sneerwell; Mr. Richard Goolden's Moses is in the old tradition; the

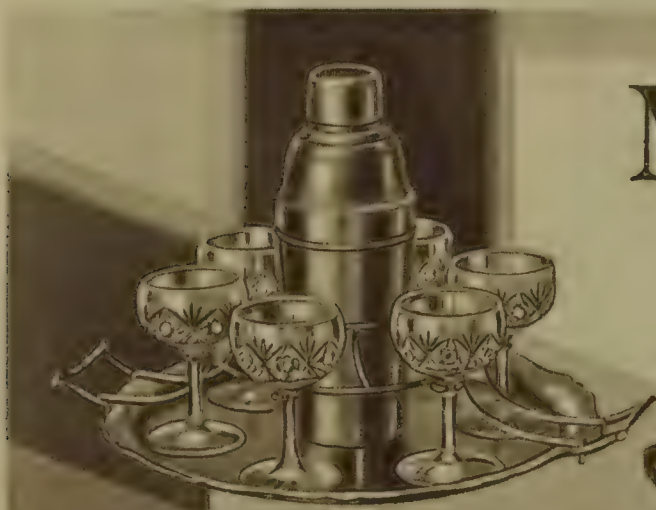
production, for which Mr. Cellier has the credit, is admirable; and in Mr. Hayden Coffin's singing of Sir Harry Bumper's song we have one of the most delightful features of a delightful revival.

"TUNNEL TRENCH." AT THE DUCHESS.

"Tunnel Trench," the war play by Hubert Griffith, with which the new and charming Duchess Theatre has opened its career, can boast its episodes of sincere realism and some moving bursts of eloquence, but it cannot stand comparison with "Journey's End." The story is most alive and presents its most successful studies of character in its Flying Corps men scenes, picturing as they do the quiet routine of duty, an airman's grief at seeing a comrade die, and a general atmosphere of war-weariness. Mr. Griffith is less telling when he passes from the particular to the general, when he seeks to suggest symbolism in a dream-scene, when he shows us two brothers meeting in a trench and the one letting the other bleed to death in his arms while he indulges in prolonged rhetoric instead of busying himself to staunch the dying man's wounds. Mr. Brian Aherne offers a carefully thought-out performance in the leading rôle, and good work is done in minor parts by Mr. Reginald Bach and Mr. Wallace Geoffrey.

"THE HIGHWAYMAN." AT THE COMEDY.

There is a swing and a pace about Mr. Jefferson Farjeon's flamboyant piece of melodrama, "The Highwayman," which wins for it favour, despite a rather tame and limping start. When once the loquacious hero appears on the scene, he carries not only heroine and rivals but audience as well, at the Comedy, off their feet. Here is the situation. A blackguard peer, having married a pretty heiress for her money, proposes to leave her at an inn with her poet lover, while he seeks his mistress; but his plans are stopped by the arrival of the highwayman, who has fallen in love with the bride. There follows debate between the three men—peer, poet, and robber—as to which of them is to dispose of the lady's future. So irresistible is the highwayman's flow of words and masterful spirit that he carries off the heroine, a consenting captive. Mr. Edmund Willard plays the highwayman with the right romantic dash and eloquence; Mr. Allan Jeayes proves an appropriately blasé peer; and Miss Mary Glynne is the bride.



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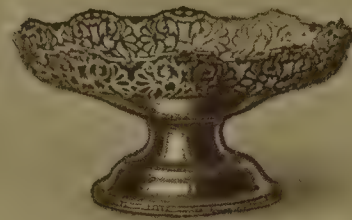
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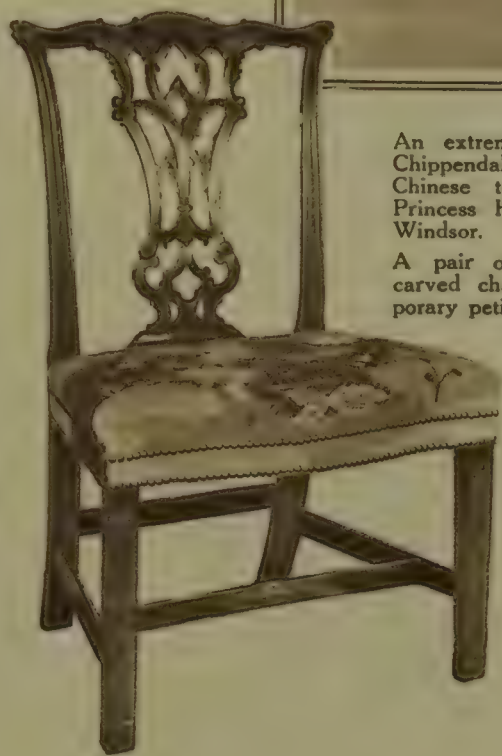
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"Good Companions" for Christmas Day.

The Humpty Dumpty Circus, in which the animals and performers can really move in every conceivable position, will bring joy to many nurseries. The one on the right costs 47s. 6d., at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., complete with trapeze and tent, but there are others there from 7s. 6d. Made entirely of felt is the merry little fellow in centre,

(Continued opposite



who is obtainable for 37s. 6d. at Liberty's, Regent St., W.

The captivating animals illustrated below do most surprising things! The dog is a nightdress case and costs 25s. 9d., and the "Cat in the Hat" is a musical creature who plays a tune when you press a button, and opens and shuts his mouth. He costs 45s. 9d. From Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W.



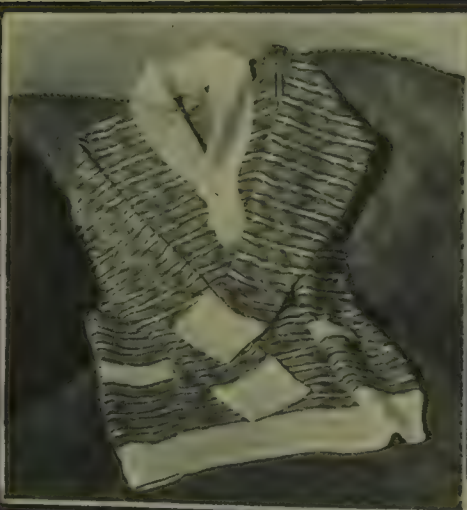
Here are novel and very inexpensive gifts from Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The Petrol Station and The Golden Goose cost only 2s. 11d. each, while the Bingola gramophone, which really plays, is 4s. 11d.—a remarkable investment.



Every youthful schoolboy will be thrilled by the suggestions below from Gamages, Holborn, E.C. The famous "Golden Arrow" racer in miniature can be secured for 16s. 6d. (or for 8s. 11d. without rubber tyres), and the repeating gun is 14s. 6d.



Gifts which Study Every Taste.



A practical present sure to please is this attractive woolly sports sweater, from Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W.

The smoker will appreciate the Golden Casket above, containing several boxes of the famous State Express 555 Virginian cigarettes. They are obtainable everywhere.

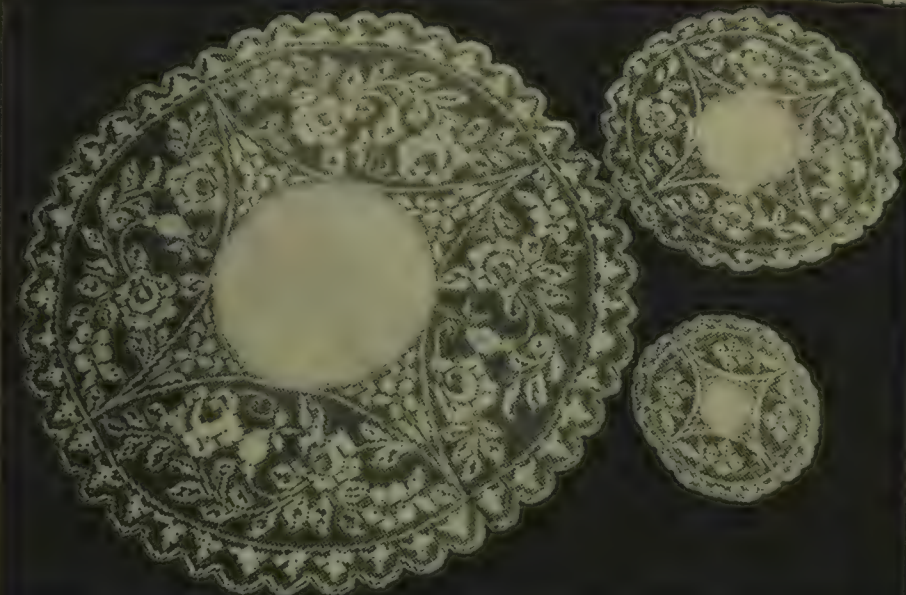
Below are beautiful presents in black lacquer and silver from Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, W., Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The designs of the cigarette cases and the vanity box are very striking and distinctly unusual.

At the foot of the page are mats of fine linen and real écreu lace from a luncheon set of twenty-five at Walpole Bros., New Bond Street, W., Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street, S.W. It costs 75s., and a smaller set, 13 pieces, is 49s.

On the right are infallible suggestions for a man from Austin Reed, of Regent Street, including a brocade silk dressing gown at £7 7s., and Riviera pyjamas at 30s. The "Water Lily" set of cocktail glasses in a leather case (illustrated on the right) is obtainable for 45s. complete, at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W. They are engraved, and have jade feet. Genuine pieces of beautiful old Rockingham and Spode china are the charming "cottage" pastel burners and flower-encrusted vases below. They are to be found in the Antique Department of Debenham and Freebody, in their Welbeck Street salons.



The beautifully-filled Revelation "overnight" case on the right is a lovely present. It is in grey crocodile leather, with fittings of engine-turned solid silver. From the salons at 170, Piccadilly, W., where these cases range from 12 guineas.



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Grenadier Guards.
Rose Diamond Brooch.
£33 10 0



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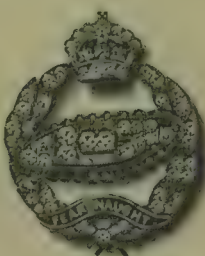
Coldstream Guards.
Rose Diamond and Ruby
Brooch.
£33 10 0



Middlesex Regiment.
Diamond Brooch.
£35 10 0



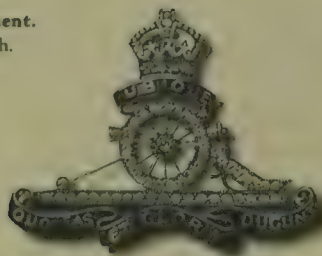
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Rose Diamond and Calibre
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Platinum, 18 ct. Gold
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Badge Brooch in Diamonds (Brilliants), mounted in all Platinum £125 0 0
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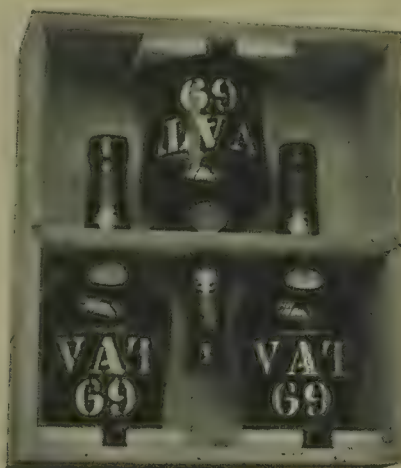
USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Sartorial Presents for Men.

The difficulty of choosing presents for a man is notorious. Their tastes differ exceedingly from the average woman's conception of them. There is no danger of making a mistake, however, if you enlist the help of Gieves, of Old Bond Street, who are accepted authorities on all masculine sartorial



A Choice of Distinction: Beautiful umbrellas and gloves from Gieves, of 21, Old Bond Street, W., who have a thousand suggestions for acceptable gifts to men.



A Christmas Tradition: Sanderson's Vat 69 whisky in bottles be-ribboned and sealed. The brand has been famous since 1863, and the high standard remains unchanged. Cases of three, six, or a dozen bottles are obtainable everywhere.

some cabinets made in the style for which the Hayes factory of the Gramophone Company is famous the world over, and fitted with the latest "His Master's Voice" exponential tone chamber and other refinements of mechanism giving perfect reproduction. The first small completely exponential instruments are two table grands, Nos. 130 and 104, the former in oak selling at 10 guineas and the latter at £7 10s. "His Master's Voice" portable gramophones are now priced as low as £6, and are equipped with the new internal horn-giving the best effects.

The Popular Present.

To those who wish to give chocolates Cadbury's



A Christmas Gift for Music-lovers: The H.M.V. gramophone, which ranges in price from six pounds.



"Princess Elizabeth" Chocolates: The latest variety of Cadbury's delicious chocolates, which are loved by children all over the world, and are inseparable from the spirit of Christmas parties.

offer a remarkably wide selection of beautiful boxes, varied in design and price to meet the wishes of the most fastidious. From the simplest carton to the magnificent two-guinea caskets, the constant feature is "Cadbury Quality." An outstanding assortment is the new "Princess Elizabeth" box, which has already proved immensely popular among those who admire fine chocolates and artistic packing; while "King George," "Milk Tray," and Milk Block Chocolate are such firmly established favourites that Christmas without them would be unthinkable. [Continued overleaf]



OPTIMISM IS NOT ENOUGH

When ordering new dress clothes a man expects them not to depart by a hair's breadth from those standards which are implied by the very words "dress clothes." But he cannot be certain until the garments are finished and ready for him to wear.

It is on this unassailable fact that the "New Tailoring" bases its claim for the most serious consideration. Immediately you are completely satisfied on every point—quality of cloth; excellence of tailoring; correctness of style; perfection of fit—then, but not until then, the "New Tailoring" presents dress clothes ready for you to wear.

This method has appealed very widely to men who realise that—in dress clothes, at least—optimism is not enough.

Dress Coat - 7 gns.
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Any garment can be purchased separately and matched at any future time.

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Ten "New Tailoring" Centres:

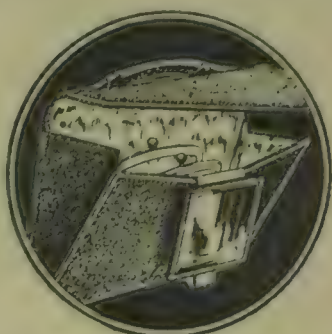
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For Wine Connoisseurs.

high quality, and conditions generally were ideal. It is, then, an appropriate time to remind wine connoisseurs all over the country that the 1921 vintage of the famous Charles Heidsieck Extra Dry Champagne is now at its best. What more appropriate Christmas gift than this particularly delightful wine, symbolising as it does the very essence of seasonal concord? The best wine merchants and the leading hotels and restaurateurs list Charles Heidsieck 1921 vintage, but, as the supply is limited, we would urge our readers to place their orders, either for Christmas

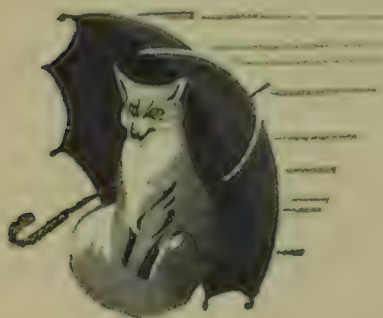
1921 might well be styled "Annus Mirabilis" for during that year the grapes were of a singularly



A Christmas Gift Free: This useful handbag of real morocco leather can be obtained free by all users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. All that is necessary to do is to collect eighty of the wrappers enclosing this famous commodity and send them to "Pochettes," 46, Southwark St., S.E.1.

gifts or home festivities, as soon as possible.

Umbrellas that Last. Many people prefer to receive useful presents which will really last and give good service. Umbrellas which are



An Umbrella that will Last: A Fox's frame is worth having, for it is a guarantee that the umbrella will give good service and be a good companion in all weathers.

equipped with Fox's frames are a happy inspiration in this respect, for they are so perfectly built that

they last a very long time. The name "Fox" on the frame is a guarantee that the umbrella is a good one, and a gift worth giving and receiving.

Comfort for Invalids.

The greatest gift one can offer to invalid friends is that of comfort. At J. Foot and Son, of 168, Great Portland Street, W., are to be found many excellent solutions to the problem. Illustrated here, for instance, is the Burlington chair made by them. It is the essence of comfort, for it can be adjusted to practically any position. The automatic adjustable back can be lowered to any angle desired, by the occupant simply pressing a small button and leaning



Comfort for an Invalid Friend: The "Burlington" chair of J. Foot and Son, 168, Great Portland Street, W., which is adjustable in a second to practically any angle, by the mere pressing of a button by the occupant.

back until the required position is obtained. The sides open outwards, providing easy access and exit, and, when closed, an automatic spring catch holds the sides securely in position. The "Adapta" bed-table is also a wonderful invention, and costs only £3 3s. It is adapted for use over the bed and serves as a table, a reading-desk, a back-rest, and plays other useful rôles. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free to all who apply mentioning this paper

For Fit and Invalid Friends.

Martell is a gift that will delight every lucky recipient, and there is a practical side to it also. Not only is it a most excellent beverage for Christmas entertaining, but as a medicine and for emergencies and travel, no one should ever be without it. So for a useful gift that will be fully appreciated and it can



A Present from Scotland: "Highland Queen" whisky, distilled by Macdonald and Muir, is a fine old brand which is appreciated by all connoisseurs. To them, no present can be more acceptable.

give Martell—it is a happy thought, and it can be obtained everywhere.



A Present with two Purposes: Martell's brandy is an excellent brandy for Christmas entertaining, and is also a boon to all invalid friends and invaluable in emergencies of illness. For friends who travel a great deal, it is a happy solution to the problem of finding something to give which is out of the ordinary.

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Waterproof cover 12/6 extra.

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THE quality built into the Selector Portable is best judged by the quality you get out of it. Every worth-while station in Europe is brought to you in a second—at full loud-speaker strength.

The stations are "found" for you at the factory and a chart giving their proper dial readings is attached to the set. By turning the controls to the readings given, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Warsaw, Rome, Moscow, Madrid, etc., are received just when you wish. You can plan an evening's entertainment in advance or saunter round Europe listening here and there to whatever pleases you.

The tone of the loud-speaker is so good that it is natural. Many special features are incorporated—a gramophone pick-up enables you to play records through the loud speaker with electric amplification; a charging point lets you charge the accumulator from the house lighting without removing it from the set, giving you all-electric convenience without its drawbacks; a meter tells you when charging is necessary.

THE SELECTOR ALL-ELECTRIC

If your fancy is for an all electric set be sure to hear the Selector. It is unique—the only transportable all-electric set incorporating a most powerful loud-speaker. Its tone is a revelation: its range is all Europe.

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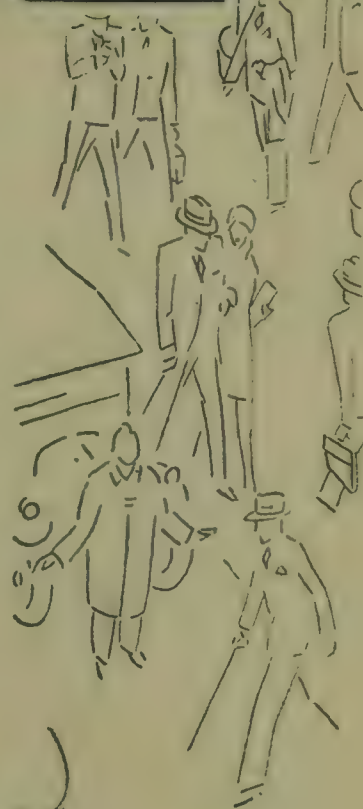
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The fitting comfort of a Battersby is only equalled by its perfect balance, style and easy security. 20/- is the price that buys a longer-wearing hat, also at 25/- and 30/-. Sold by the best hatters everywhere.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BIG CARS—AND OVERSEAS NEEDS. THE HUMBER "SNIPE."

IT has for many years been the perfectly legitimate boast of the British motor manufacturer that he makes at the very least as good a car as anyone else, and in many instances a much better one, and over the whole world this claim has been acknowledged. Unfortunately, only a very small proportion of the world's motorists, outside the United Kingdom, has made a practice of buying British cars, being lured, especially in the Dominions, by the American car, which, it would be absurd to deny, comes a great deal nearer to filling Colonial needs than our own machines, sells at a far lower price, and, as a rule, is backed by much better service.

The Drawbacks of the Small Engine.

The British car is always the equal and often the superior of the American in everything but size and price. It is more efficient—that is to say, a two-litre British machine is at least as efficient as a three-litre American—it is quite as fast, and it is usually quite as reliable. It is badly handicapped by its comparatively restricted accommodation, by its higher price, and by its engine-design. Right or wrong, a big engine is what the overseas motorist wants. Personally, I entirely agree with him. The small engine, which is the product of the reactionary horse-power tax, can never be so satisfactory as a big one, either at



IN SURROUNDINGS SUGGESTING THE CHEDDAR GORGE! A 16-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER HUMBER "SPORTS" COUPÉ IN THE HEART OF THE MALVERNS.

THE GODDESS MINERVA OF AUTOMOBILES



32/34 H.P. 6-CYL. ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE BY MINERVA MOTORS £1,400.

Those who have an eye appreciative of fine engineering, artistic coach-work, and stylish interior appointments find their highest conceptions perfectly interpreted in this magnificent model. Minerva travel-superiority leaves nothing to be desired.

18 h.p. Four-door Saloon	£495
20/24 h.p. Limousine or Landaulette .	£1150
32/34 h.p. " " " "	£1400
40 h.p. 8-Cyl. " " " "	£1875
6-Litre Speed "Six" Chassis . . .	£1100

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MINERVA

home or abroad. It can be very wonderful in the results it gives, but it is an artificial product, badly limited by short-sighted legislation in length of useful life.

Where the Little Cars and Big Cars Score.

It is probably true that on the congested roads near the big towns at home, the very small British car, with a lively performance, quick acceleration, and prompt stopping powers, helps to "fluidize" traffic, and that, if every one of the week-ending cars were of 20 h.p. and more, things would probably be more uncomfortable than they are; but, away from these areas the bigger car scores all along the line. It is not only much pleasanter to drive, but it is far more comfortable, far less tiring, and, given equally good design, construction, and material, considerably longer-lived. There are many fifteen-year-old, big, slow-running-engined cars running as well to-day as they did when they were new. Their market value is often insignificant, but, as plain, hardworking, economical cars, their intrinsic worth is very high. They are, in short, better cars than the little ones.

The Humber "Snipe" 24-h.p. Six.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Olympia Motor Show was the new Humber, which has been designed to compete direct with the American, both at home and overseas. It has a large, six-cylinder engine, roomy coachwork, a very remarkable top-speed performance, exceptionally good suspension, and really impressive acceleration. These are generally claimed for most American cars; but, in addition, the Humber has a four-speed gear-box, with a silent third speed, particularly powerful brakes, a first-class equipment, and a general excellence of finish and attractiveness of line which is not always to be found in its rivals. Its price is £535 for the coach-built saloon, and £495 for the touring car; and, considering that it has an engine of 3½ litres' capacity (the bore and stroke being 80×116), and a guaranteed speed of seventy-five miles an hour, I regard it as one of the cheapest cars on the market to-day. And the surprising feature about it is that in no way does it suggest cheapness. It is built to compete in a price-war, amongst other things, but by the looks of it it might equally well have been built with cost as a secondary consideration.

[Continued overleaf.]

IT'S BETTER TO BE FIT THAN FAT

**Don't eat
between meals**

EATING between meals causes fat, and fat destroys your waist-line — your fitness — your energy. Here's a simple, pleasant way to overcome the craving for between-meal bites — it's the Kensitas way. Every time you have the temptation to eat between meals — *don't do it* — **smoke a Kensitas instead.** There's a mellow satisfaction in the appetising aroma of a Kensitas. You'll be delighted to see how quickly the Kensitas way eliminates the desire to eat between meals. Try it — you'll like it!

MANUFACTURED BY THE
KENSITAS
PRIVATE
PROCESS

10 for 6^d — 20 for 1/-



(Continued.)

Its Quietness and Smoothness. In this respect alone it must interest anyone with £500 to spend on a new car; but its other points are quite as important. The engine runs, throughout its range of speed, without any noticeable vibration. This is rare even in expensive cars. The valve gear is almost noiseless, and if it were not for the curious, but not unpleasant, "roar" of the carburetter at over forty miles an hour, it would be one of the quietest-running engines made. You do not often get this pleasant quality in moderate-priced cars, no matter whether they are made in America or in Europe.

The "Silent Third" Gear-Box. Then the gear-box is a sheer delight. Changes up and down are easily, swiftly, and scrapelessly made, and the silent third, on which something like fifty miles an hour can be reached, is extraordinarily useful. It is geared 6.6 to 1, which is quite high, even for a 24-h.p. engine; but so good is the flexibility and pulling of the engine, that it will take the car up a one-in-six gradient at over twenty miles an hour. Second speed should be able to deal with any gradient likely to be encountered on English roads; while first, which is geared 16.8 to 1, can be looked upon solely as an emergency gear. The brakes and springing are alike particularly good. I drove fast over the abominable "corduroy" Sutton by-pass (the worst yet inflicted on us, I should say), and noticed none of that distressing pitch set up in most cars here, at no matter what speed they are driven. The brakes, both pedal and lever, are extremely powerful, and the former have to be used with some caution until one becomes accustomed to their swiftness of operation.

Its Admirable Finish and Equipment. The car is beautifully turned out, as I said, of unmistakably British finish and appearance. There is any amount of room in it for five full-grown people and their belongings. The equipment includes dipping head-lights, worked from the very neat wheel-control, thermostatically-operated radiator shutters, with a dash-board thermometer in connection, an electric screen-wiper, an ignition lock, a "stop" tail lamp, and a luggage grid. The dash-board dials are indirectly illuminated,

and the whole look of the instrument-array is most attractive. One of the very best cars I have ever driven, whether English, Continental, or American. I was going to add "at the price," but I am not sure even that qualification is necessary.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

CHESS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4061.—By NORRIS EASTER (DANSTEAD).
BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: rK6; 1BrSfRr1; 3PP1Pr; 2PR1sr1; 4k1r3
3Pr1s1; 5Qr1B; 8.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4059.—By RUDOLF L'HERMET
(SCHORNEBECK).

[2Q4Q; 8; 5R1P; 5S2; 4Br1R; B2P2Pr; 5kS1; 4R3; in two moves.]
Keymove: QKt8 [Qb8—g8.]

If 1. — QB2, 2. KtQ6; if 1. — QB3, 2. KtQ6; if 1. — QB4, 2. BxQ; if 1. — QB6, 2. KtQ4; if 1. — QB8, 2. KtK3; if 1. — QQ2, 2. QR2; if 1. — QK3, 2. BB5; and if 1. — QxQch, 2. KtKt7.

This masterly setting of the lone Black Q against all the White pieces, is, as Mr. Cafferata remarks, by no means as innocent as it looks. The key is far from easy, and there are some very near tries, while the four Knight unpins are cleverly engineered.

A SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM.

We have not yet seen the English translation of Aron Nimzowitch's "Mein System," but we do not suppose the following game will be found in the collection. In the first place, Nimzowitch lost it, and secondly, he would not wish to remind his post-war acolytes of this blow to the solar plexus of an opponent who has stigmatised his "system" with the words "ugly," "unasthetic," and even "de-testable." Dr. Siebert Tarrasch, recognised as one of the world's strongest players and keenest analysts, is inclined to be a little fierce in his antipathies, and, though time has brought its compensations to Nimzowitch, it is probable that he would have preferred someone other than the German master to have won the "brilliance" prize awarded to this game at St. Petersburg in 1914.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Aron Nimzowitch.)	BLACK (Dr. Siebert Tarrasch.)	WHITE (Aron Nimzowitch.)	BLACK (Dr. Siebert Tarrasch.)
1. PQ4	PQ4	19. PxP	BxPch!
2. KtKB3	PQB4	20. KxB	QR5ch
3. PQB4	PK3	21. KKt1	BxP!!
On the lines of the Tarrasch defence, White should continue KtQB3, but tries an original plan, as is his wont.			
4. PK3	KtKB3	The sacrifice is quite sound, for if 22. KxB, then QKt5ch	
5. BQ3	KtB3	23. KR1, RQ4	is conclusive.
6. Castles	BQ3	22. P'B3	KKR1!
7. P'QKt3	Castles	Threatening RK7.	
8. BKt2	PQKt3	23. KtK4	QR8ch
9. QKtQ2	BKt2	24. KB2	BxR
The position is symmetrical except for the Queen's Knights.			
10. RB1	QK2	25. P'Q5	He dare not take the B because of QR7ch winning the Q.
11. BPxP	KPxP	26. QB3	PB4
12. KtR4	PKt3	KtBch is obviously futile, and White makes a despairing swipe.	
13. Kt(R4)B3	QRQr	26. Kt7ch	QKt7ch
White has loosened Black's King-side pawns, but Black has gained a valuable "tempo."			
14. Pxp	Pxp	27. KK3	RxKtch!
15. BKt5	KtK5	28. PxR	PB5ch
16. BxKt	BxB	Dr. Tarrasch had a mate in three here by QKt6ch, etc., but he can be readily forgiven the oversight in view of the pretty "kill" which follows.	
Another tempo has gone in exchanging off the Knight.			
17. QB2	Threatening Kt x Kt and QB3.	29. KxP	RB7ch
17. Kt x Kt	Kt x Kt	30. KK5	QR7ch
See note to move 3. White's K-wing is denuded, and Black unmasks his battery.			
18. P'Q5	PQ5	31. KK6	KKtch
		32. KQ7	BKt4 mate

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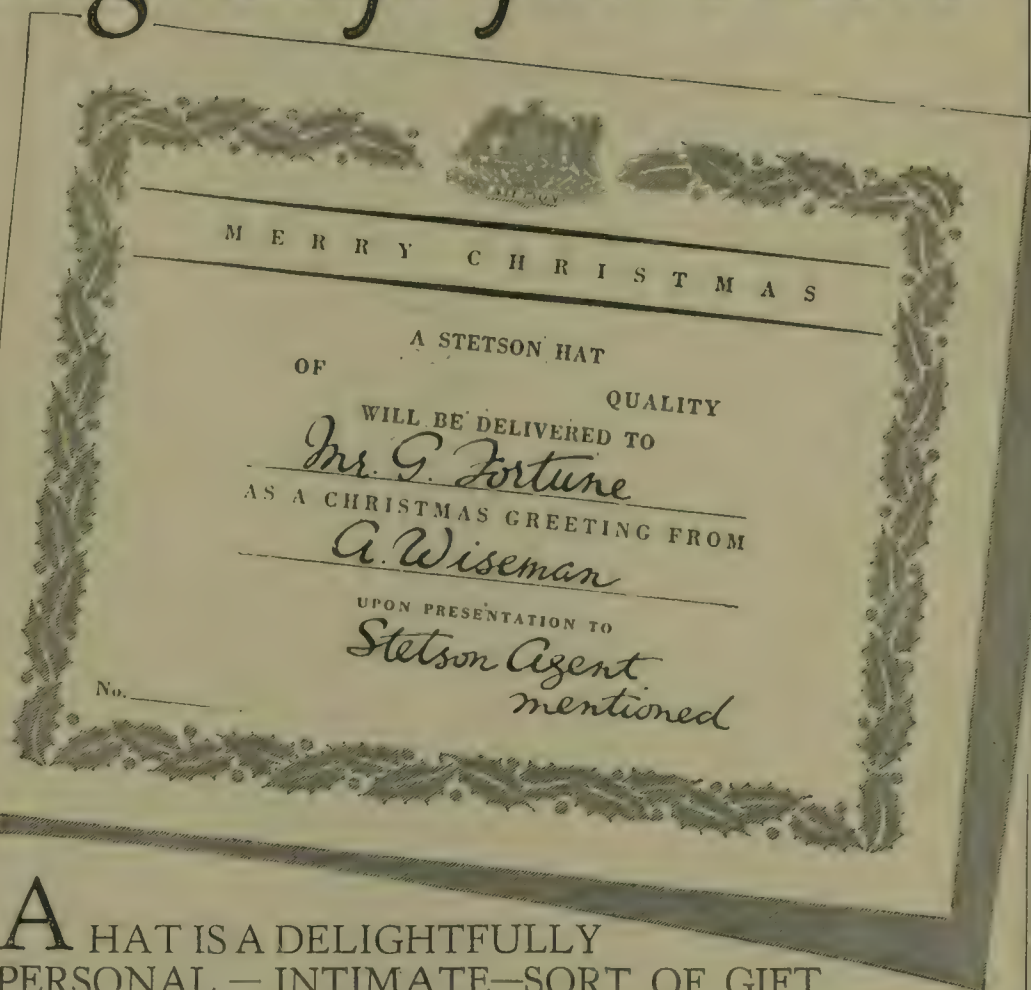
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A RUSSIAN ON RUSSIAN MUSIC.

AN interesting book on modern Russian composers by the Russian musician and critic, Leonid Sabaneiev, has recently been published. Sabaneiev was a pupil of Serge Taneiev at the Moscow Conservatory, and, although his master was one of the most conservative of Russian composers, Sabaneiev has been a modernist, and was one of the first partisans of Scriabin. He is of the type of musician who is interested in mathematics and in theory, and has written a great deal on musical subjects. He stayed in Russia until 1926, and so he is in a position to know a good deal about the post-war conditions there. As he says:

Russian composers are now divided into groups. These groupings are caused not only by the difference in tendencies, but by purely political and geographic conditions as well. After the great depression caused by the Revolution, a number of Russian composers found themselves abroad in Europe and even in America, and exactly among these are the most famous and prominent representatives of the present day, such as Stravinsky and Prokofiev. The others stayed to work within Russia. The isolation which Russia had undergone after the War, the period of civil strife and blockade, could not help affecting the psychology of those Russian composers who had previously formed, as it were, one school and one "musical faction" with those who remained abroad. Consequently, at present, a fatal line has already been laid between them. Their paths have diverged in spite of their own wishes.

Yet, as Sabaneiev rightly points out, there is a certain affinity between all Russian composers, whether living in Russia or abroad, and this family character is recognised not only by the Russian composers themselves, whether in or out of Russia, but also by Europeans. Sabaneiev therefore does not in his book draw any distinction between those Russian composers, such as Rachmaninov, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev, who live either in Europe or America, and those who still remain in Russia. He also claims to write for the sake of information and not of propaganda, and being, as he says, "a composer who does not

belong to any of the groupings, the author has not felt justified here to express any thoughts save with the utmost objectivity."

The list of composers he deals with includes none of those who to Russians represent their classical composers, beginning with Glinka and ending with the National School—Borodin, Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, and Moussorgsky. Nor do the classical eclectics, as they may be called—Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky—appear; nor Glazounov, who may perhaps be considered the last of this group. On the other hand, the author has included "composers who, though the seniors of that very Glazounov, have not as yet been appraised even in Russia, let alone on a world-scale. . . . Names such as Taneiev, Rgebikov, Gretchaninov undoubtedly have world-fame still ahead of them. . . ." He admits that he has included "alongside composers modern in the full sense of the word, contemporary both in birth and style," others who "essentially have not contributed a single new word to the tonal art. They have repeated the old more or less successfully, yet we did not think it right to exclude them, the more so as their ranks include composers who have gained popularity on a large scale, and also because at this moment it appears difficult to form an absolutely exact criterion of the merits of this or that school."

Upon this latter point Sabaneiev speaks with sound common-sense. He claims to write objectively, and to have sought "to search out positive traits even in the facts for which personally, as far as his tastes go, he feels an antipathy." He gives an impression of fairness; and the following passage will serve as an example of what in a "modernist" might be thought to be surprisingly sane—

All that seems glittering, striking, and new, sometimes merely because it has glittered for the first time in the world, does not prove capable of passing the test of time, that testing of time so dreaded by the composer. In this test many things wither that appeared new and dazzling at the time of their birth, and, on the other hand, there is resurrected much that appeared obsolete and uninteresting during the life of its authors. The last

decade alone has proven to us the insecurity and vanity of many prognostications that were put forward as unshakable and categoric. As to what the decade of the future holds in store for us it is difficult even to surmise.

As an example of Sabaneiev's criticism I will quote some of his remarks on one of the Russian composers who is well known outside Russia—

Together with the rise of the creative art which simultaneously produced the 'Cello Sonata and the second Piano-forte Concerto, and soon afterwards the second Symphony akin to the Concerto, Rachmaninov revealed himself unexpectedly and strikingly as a pianist. Formerly unnoticed in this field, considered as a composer *par excellence* by all, he suddenly disclosed such elemental technique and might of expression and rhythm that he became at once the chief of Russian pianists. The ghost of Rubinstein came to life in this elemental interpretation, and the word "genius," which had been guardedly applied to his creative work, was here uttered immediately. . . . Whether the passive rôle of performer was more to the taste of his nature, will-less in its inner contemplative essence, for which creative work was a sort of torment, or whether the element of genius which unquestionably had lived in Rachmaninov reached the world more easily and by shorter routes through execution than through creation, there is no doubt that wherever Rachmaninov performed he conquered unconditionally and more indisputably than when he attempted to enter the souls of others through composition.

Rachmaninov is, in my opinion, very well sketched both as a pianist and as a composer by Sabaneiev. He speaks of him as he was known in Russia, the famous pupil of Tchaikovsky; but Rachmaninov has made exactly the same impression outside Russia, and what Sabaneiev says of him as a composer would be endorsed by most European critics—

Rachmaninov is not a composer of breadth. His musical palette is not varied and it is narrow. His methods of procedure are the same almost always. The profiles of his climaxes in his Third Concerto and the Symphony are nearly identical with those in the Second Concerto and in the Sonata. His melody, a drowsy, enclosed, ratiatory melody full of drugged lyricism, revolves about always in the realm of five or six notes; he does not like wide diapason and precipitous leaps. If he is rhythmical,

[Continued on page 1024.]

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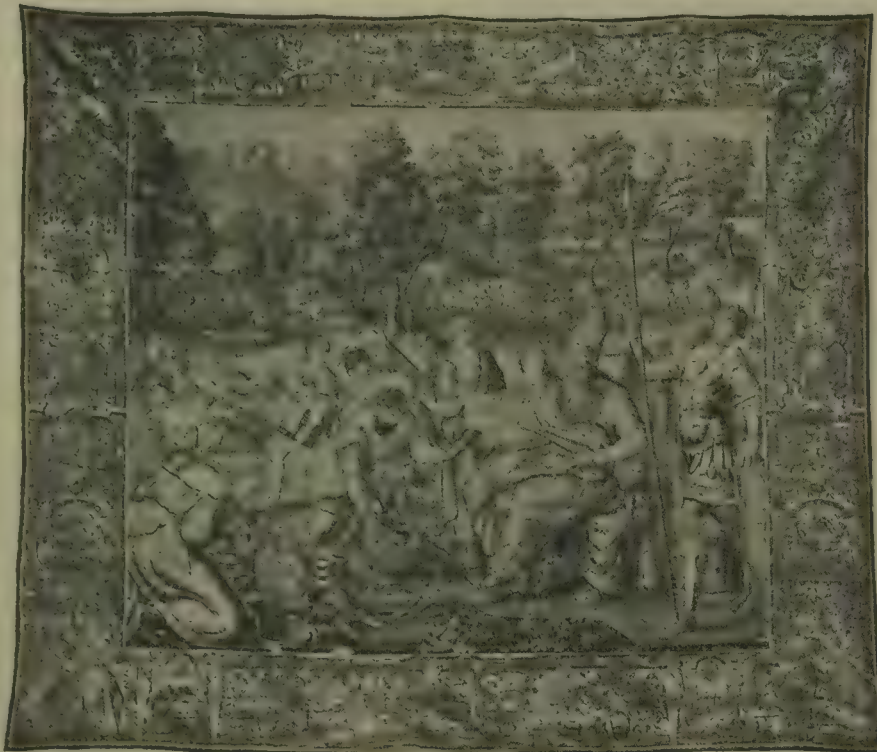
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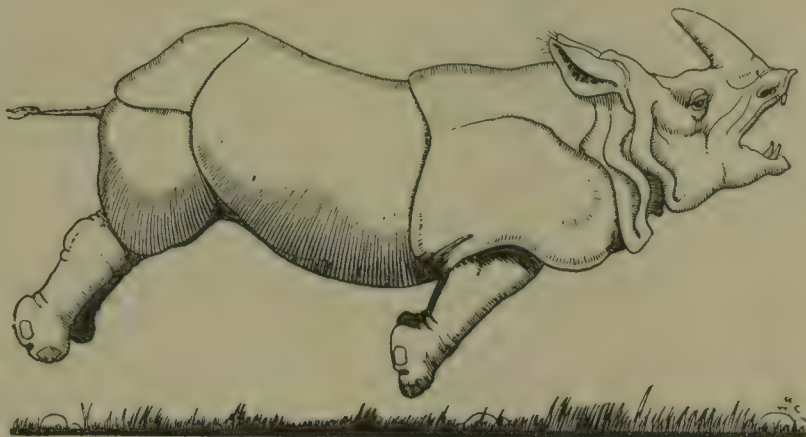
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A TRIO OF ATTRACTIVE BOOKS.

IN an operatic trio the characters are often individually incongruous, though linked together by some governing *motif*. Similarly, the three books to be mentioned here display a certain incongruity, while a subtle point of contact may be discernible. The operatic simile can be exemplified—say, by Wilfred, Fairfax, and Phoebe—in a delightful edition of "The Yeomen of the Guard," or The Merryman and his Maid. By Sir W. S. Gilbert. With eight illustrations in colour by W. Russell Flint, and Drawings in Pen and Ink by Charles E. Brock, R.I. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). This beautifully pictured, well-printed, and altogether charming book synchronised opportunely with the recent revival of this opera at the Savoy, during the present Gilbert and Sullivan season. Many think it the finest of the series, unique for its note of pathos and hint of tragedy, its romantic score, and the Shakespearean spirit of the libretto. With all its gaiety, it captures the grim atmosphere of the Tower and so belongs to the literature of London. Every good Savoyard would rejoice to see the postman bring a copy of this book at Christmas. It is somewhat unusual, by the way, for two well-known illustrators to collaborate in the same volume. Let us hope the Flint and Brock partnership may extend to the rest of the operas.

Another case of happy collaboration—this time between author and artist—occurs in "The Meeting-Pool." A Tale of Borneo. By Mervyn Skipper. With Illustrations by R. W. Coulter (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 6s.). These collaborators are Australians, and in the book (now in its "second printing") is told an amusing story of animal life in a tropic isle, which has been aptly called a blend of "The Jungle Book" and "Alice in Wonderland." The Kipling touch is more in the writing, perhaps, and the Tenniel touch more in the drawings. Both tale and drawings, however, have an original quality



"PA BADAK SAW ONLY HIS OWN REFLECTION, AND, BEING A FOOL, HE RAN SCREAMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE": THE ORIGINAL CAUSE OF ALL THE POTHEPOTTER—WHICH BEING DISCLOSED, SOLOMON DISMISSED THE CASE, WHICH PA BADAK HAD BROUGHT AGAINST MOUSE-DEER, FOR DANCING ON HIS CHILDREN.

Drawing by R. W. Coulter, Reproduced from "The Meeting-Pool." A Tale of Borneo. By Mervyn Skipper. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Marrot, Ltd. (See Review on this page.)

of their own, born of authentic local colour and experience. The illustration given here belongs to the Flying-fox's story of Pa Badak's Lawsuit. Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros, came to Court, before King Solomon, to accuse Mouse-deer of having danced on his children with fatal results, but Solomon, with his usual judgment, elicited the fact that it was all Pa Badak's own fault!

Our third book is as different from the foregoing as the Assistant Tormentor from Phoebe and Colonel Fairfax, but it is equally excellent in its own category, that of local history and archaeology. The work in question is "A Cotteswold Manor." Being the History of Painswick. By Welbore St. Clair Baddeley. Second Edition. Illustrated (Longmans, Green; 21s.). Mr. Baddeley is known to our readers, by occasional contributions to this paper, as a zealous and distinguished antiquary. In recording the annals of an old township, rich in historic memories and beautiful architecture, he has produced, by diligent research, a model of what such a chronicle should be. The book abounds in interesting glimpses of social history from Roman times till now, and is lavishly illustrated. It has a more than local appeal by virtue of the many historical celebrities associated with the district.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LX.

By COMMANDER G. C. F. HAMPTON, R.N.

THE designs of vessels that appear ideal on paper often fail in practice, so the artist's impression I show of my ideal auxiliary cruiser should be looked upon more as an outline suggestion than a finished design. To make sure that the various ideas incorporated in the design are practicable in such a small boat, they have been submitted to Messrs. Thornycroft, who have very kindly made some working drawings. The design is based on the assumption that the ideal auxiliary cruiser must accommodate the owner, his wife, two children, and a paid hand, or, in place of the last, two extra guests.

To save space below decks, simplify the water and sanitary arrangements, prevent any smell of cooking below, and also to make the galley easily accessible for the helmsman, the galley and bath-room (shower bath) are in the sunk deck-house. The sunk portion of this house cuts into the owner's cabin to the extent of 3 ft. by 2 ft., and into the saloon, 7 ft. by 2 ft., and so reduces the head-room below it in each case by approximately 3 ft. Where this occurs in the owner's cabin, lockers and drawers are fitted under it, and in the saloon ample space is provided for the engine-room. The saloon is, therefore, horse-shoe shaped, with sufficient space

in one alcove (with 6 ft. 6 in. head-room) for a "smuggery," and in the other for access to the deck galley and bath-room, leaving a sitting space at the after end that measures approximately 12 ft. by 8 ft. Alleyways have been abolished in this way, and space saved in consequence.

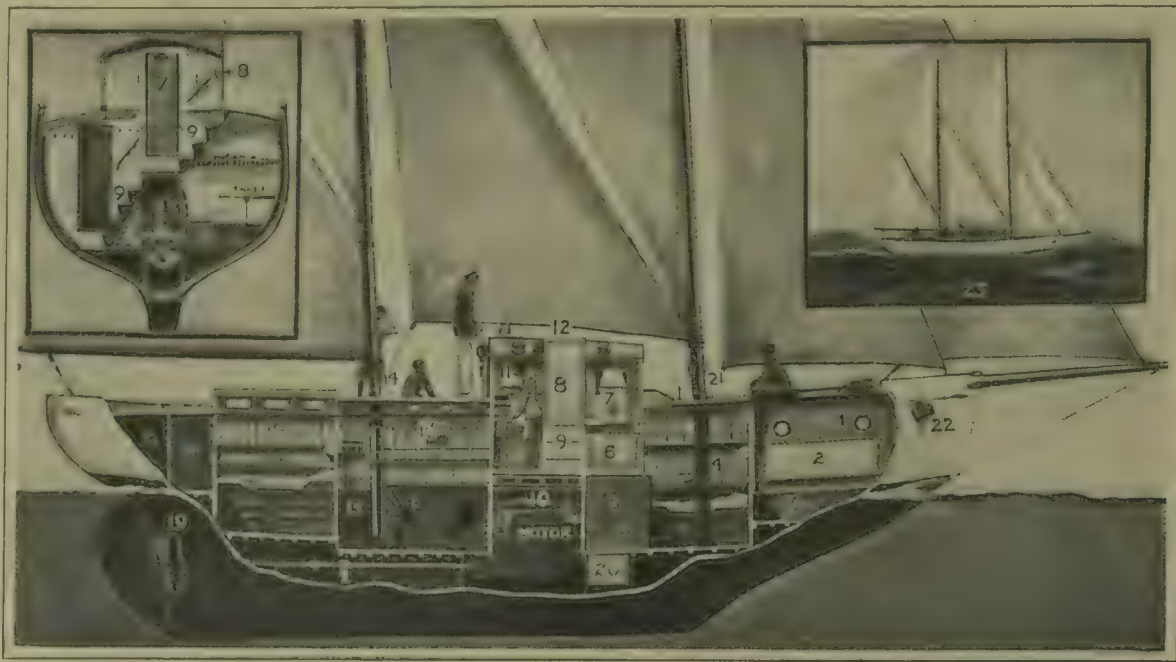
Some may object to an enclosed engine-room in the saloon on account of smell, or that it is not large

trouble is not likely to occur on these points. As sails form the main motive power of this craft, a paraffin or heavy-oil engine able to drive her at 7 knots is all that is wanted. A slow-running, large diameter, two-bladed propeller has been chosen in order to clear the deadwood and also reduce "drag" when under sail by being placed vertically. Access from the fore-cabin to the

owner's cabin is provided (closed normally) in case of bad weather, when the fore-hatch is closed or, alternatively, should the fore-cabin be occupied by guests.

Every effort has been made to produce a labour-saving vessel, so no apologies are made to ancient yachtsmen for the stockless anchors; they are used by every large ship, so will not fail a small yacht. No claims to novelty are made regarding the sail plan, which, on the foremast, is that of the well-proved staysail schooner, and, on the mainmast, that which has been suggested by Lord Albemarle, who, as everyone knows, is an experienced yachtsman.

This plan has been adopted to save reefing and its labour, and a small sail area has been given for the same reason. Comfort and not speed has been aimed at throughout, and the cost should be from £2000 upwards. I should deem it a joy to watch over the construction of such a vessel as the one here illustrated and described.



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enough, but as the engine will be small and the underneath part of the saloon settee forms part of it, and it would be fitted with an exhausting-fan,

£2000 upwards. I should deem it a joy to watch over the construction of such a vessel as the one here illustrated and described.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 1018.)

his rhythm is nearly always the same, the hurriedly funereal rhythm of a sombre march which occasionally gives the impression of the agitated call of a tocsin.

This seems to me to be excellent criticism; but when Sabaneiev goes on to claim that, although Rachmaninov's art is a "narrow gloomy dungeon world" compared with the world of Tchaikovsky, yet "Rachmaninov the man is felt to be greater in it than Tchaikovsky," I am not convinced. He is on firmer ground, I fancy, when he claims that fashion has been against Rachmaninov—

Lyric pathos and profound sincerity, the scarecrows of musical snobs of our times, reign supreme in his creative art. Rachmaninov is a typical romantic, and in our age of the negation of romanticism in music he is not quite in his place. But he is not alone. Nearly all Russian music with few exceptions is the same. Nay, more: to a dispassionate observer it is clear that many anti-romantics of the present day, in so far as they are really composers of importance, only pretend to be such, yielding to the pressure of unmusical snobs, but in fact their music is just as romantic as is all music in general which has not definitely forsaken the element of music.

Here we may see, in spite of our author's attempted impartiality, a personal bias. There is a sense in which what he says is true, but it is not exact to suggest that, for example, such a composer as Stravinsky is merely pretending to be anti-romantic in order to be fashionable. There is a genuine movement which is misdescribed as anti-romantic, although some of its supporters make use of the term. It is a reaction against surface emotionalism, and an attempt to explore the more formal beauties of music. But in so far as music must always be an æsthetic expression, it will always be human, and to be human is to be romantic. But here are good and bad ways of being romantic. Actually the progress of Stravinsky—to whom Sabaneiev does not do justice—is a progress from a lower to a higher form of romanticism. The contrast between "Petrouchka" and "Apollo Musagetes" is a striking demonstration of Stravinsky's success in his attempt to divest himself of the tinsel and trappings of showy orchestral effects to purify his style. But if Stravinsky is misjudged, he is to some extent to blame, because in the past

he has made rash and misleading statements to journalists on the look-out for sensational copy, and I doubt whether he would now endorse some of his earlier and rasher *obiter dicta*. W. J. TURNER.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

INCLUDED amongst new records issued by "H.M.V." are complete variety entertainments for fireside programmes at Christmas time. There is talent of many kinds to suit the requirements of all enthusiasts, and enough records for a nightly change of programme. One evening's concert might open with Romberg's "Toy Symphony," played by the New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Toy trumpets, drums, and bird imitations are cleverly introduced into this piece, which will amuse children and adults alike. Paul Robeson could follow with his excellent songs "Just Keepin' On" and "Mighty Lak' a Rose," and then Wish Wynne with her own version of "Cinderella" in Cockney style.

The next item might be a nine-minute drama, "The Safe," in which the leading part is played by Angela Baddeley, who is shut up in a safe and rescued subsequently in most unexpected circumstances. Then Peter Dawson could oblige with four songs that will live for ever—"The Admiral's Broom," "On the Road to Mandalay," "The Trumpeter," and "A Jovial Monk am I." Refreshment time may be preceded by Brahms's "Hungarian Dances," played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

The second part of the programme might well commence with a humorous skit, "Our Village Concert," performed by the laughter-makers, Syd Howard, Vera Pearce, Leonard Henry, and company. Items suitable to follow are: Gracie Fields singing "Oh, Maggie, What have You Been Up To?" and "I've Got a Man"; new pieces by Jack Hylton's Band; and then a "straight" performance—Mark Hambourg playing Chopin Studies.

As a finale, all would be delighted with "The Merchant of Venice" suite, played by John Barbirolli's Chamber Orchestra. All of these and many

other new records are now available at the shops of "H.M.V." agents.

New records issued by Columbia especially for Christmas festivities cover a wide range of tastes, and include old English carols sung by the St. George's Singers; "A Dream of Christmas," fantasy by Ketelbey; "Peter Pan" music; a clever organ medley entitled "An Organist's Yuletide"; a Christmas sermon; and a new recording of the old Savoy Christmas medleys.

"A Dream of Christmas" is splendidly interpreted by the Ketelbey Concert Orchestra, with the organ of Westminster Central Hall, Nellie Walker, vocalist, and a full chorus. "Peter Pan" music, exquisitely played by the J. H. Squire Celeste Octet, flits from one scene of the play to another—from the Pirates to the Red Indians, to the Children's Underground Home, and, finally, to Peter and Wendy's House in the Tree-Tops. The Octet also plays "A Vision of Christmastide," which introduces a number of well-known carols and traditional tunes.

Quentin Maclean, the talented and popular organist of the Regal Cinema, London, contributes a splendid record, "An Organist's Yuletide," which will be appreciated by the numerous lovers of music rendered on cinema organs. The St. George's Singers have recorded six fine old songs—"I Saw Three Ships," "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "Wassail Song," "What Child is This?" "The Moon Shines Bright," and "The Holly and the Ivy."

The B.B.C. Choir and Wireless Orchestra have also contributed "Once in Royal David's City" and "While Shepherds Watched." Additional Christmas records issued by Columbia include "The Laughing Policeman"; a complete set of "Lancers" to dance to in the good old-fashioned way; two short "Sermonettes" by the Rev. Ebrard Rees, of Merthyr Tydfil; and new recordings by those two boys with sweet soprano voices, Masters Trevor Schofield and John Bonner respectively.

"Madam Butterfly" (the eighth opera in complete form) has just been issued by Columbia on fourteen records at 4s. 6d. each. The opera is performed by famous Italian artists, including Rosetta Pampanini and Alessandro Grandi, with the music played by the Milan Symphony Orchestra conducted by Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli.

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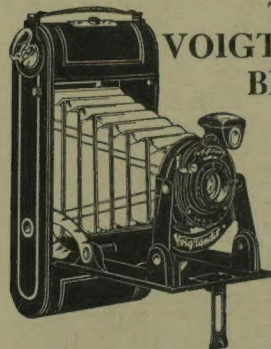
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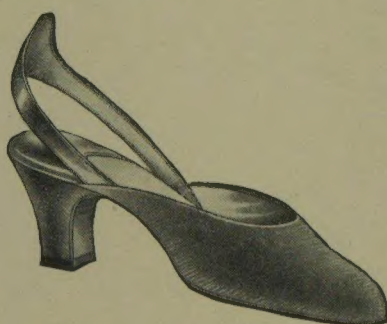
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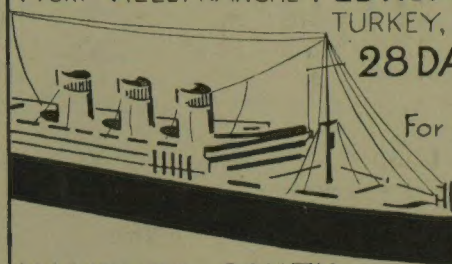
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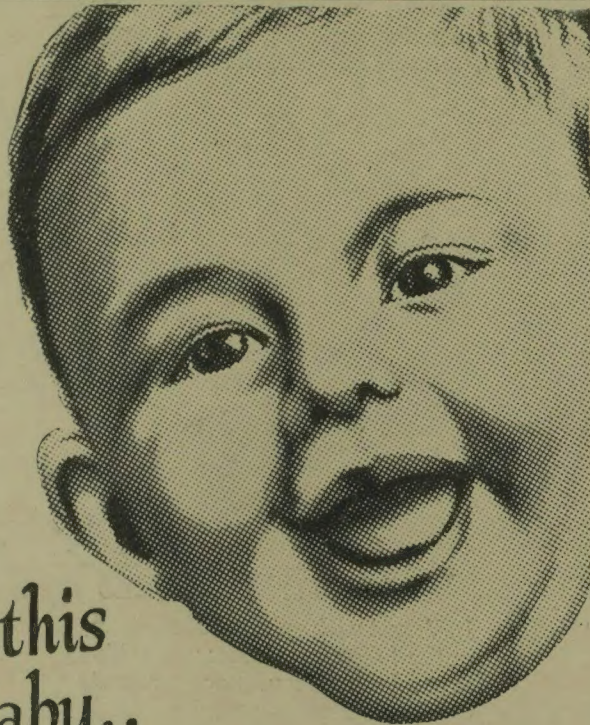
of appearance despite its efficiency. The Mayfair series is made for dress clothes; the Popular Scribbling Diary, with two days to a page, for the office desk. On the same lines are the Self-Opening Diaries, with either a week or one day to a page; the Tablet Diary, with a week to a page and a margin for appointments; and the Charles Letts Improved Diary, with blotting-paper between every page. In every case the usual insurance coupon has been doubled in value without affecting the price of the diaries. The ordinary pocket-books are tastefully bound in all sizes, and each contains useful information. In addition to the diaries there are some attractive calendars in various styles, as well as account-books, address-books, and loose-leaf books.

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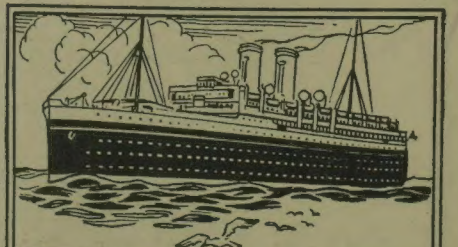
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